

The Pacific, A WEEKLY RELIGIOUS AND FAMILY PAPER, was first issued in August, 1851, the Rev. J. W. Douglas being its editor and proprietor. Till 1864 it was published in behalf of the Congregational and Presbyterian Churches jointly; after that, it was published in the interest of the General Association of California, by a committee of ministers and laymen, edited by a committee of ministers, until 1879. It is now owned and published by "THE PUBLISHING COMPANY OF THE PACIFIC,"—an incorporated company. The Directors for 1884 are: S. S. Smith, A. P. Flint, W. M. Searby, L. P. Rankin, S. F. Bufford, S. A. Chapin, and John Kimball.

The Pacific.

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WHOLE No. 1668.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., APRIL 23, 1884.

(VOL. XXXIII. . No. 17

The New Route East.

Having traveled on all the routes from San Francisco to the Eastern States, except by the Atlantic and Pacific railroad, I took my ticket that way, and being new, a description of it may be of interest.

At Mohave we left the Southern Pacific railroad, and a train was made up with the sleeping car we started in from the Oakland ferry, and which we did not leave until we arrived in St. Louis. I was surprised that there were so few passengers, as the break on the Southern Pacific railroad prevented travel via Los Angeles to Deming. The breakfast at Mohave might have been better. The mountain tops of Tehachapi, and to the south, which, I suppose, were the San Bernardino mountains, were still capped with snow. At Dagget we got dinner, and saw the Mohave river, which is often only a dry river bed. I was informed while there, that when Gen. Fremont came over, he considered it a river large enough for steamboat navigation. The mines of the Calico district are only some seven miles from here, and there is a stamp mill not far from the station, and others at Oro Grande, about forty miles to the south. There are also quite extensive mines of borax not far from the station. The Mohave desert is very dry, and until we near the Colorado river, we are surrounded on all sides with nothing but white alkali sand.

The trains carry large tanks of water with them, to leave at the different stations, for the use of the railroad people, and also for the locomotives. At one place I saw them digging an artesian well, but although at a great depth the water was brackish. The station at the Needles is about two and a half miles from the Colorado river, and we arrived there at 7:15 p. m., about ten hours from Mohave. There is a good eating house, and we had an excellent supper. Having read so much about the Needles, when we started again I took my position on the rear platform of the car, so as to have a good view of such celebrities, but although it was bright moonlight, I could see nothing extraordinary, and concluded it was like "looking for a needle in a haystack," or in the Colorado river. The river was of less size than I imagined it would be, but I was informed that just now the water is very low; and the shores are low, and dreary, indicating a rather spready river here. The grade of the railroad ascends shortly after we cross the river, and at 5:20 a. m. we were at Ash Fort, at an elevation of 5,175 feet. This is the station for Prescott in Arizona, which is reached by stage coach over a very rough road. During the night we passed Peach Springs, which is the station to go to the grand canyon of the Colorado river, to the northward.

We get breakfast at Williams 7 a. m., and are now at an elevation of 6,800 feet, and high up in the San Francisco mountains. The ground was still covered with snow, and had been so all winter. The mountains are quite well covered with pine trees, but not of a very large size; still, large enough to make lumber, as there were saw mills at different places. At Holbrook, we get dinner at 1:24 p. m. Elevation, 5,170 feet. At Flagstaff, which we passed at 9 a. m., the elevation was about 7,000 feet, and the greatest, until we pass the Continental Divide, where it is 7,306 feet, being not far from Coolidge, where we take supper at 6 p. m. This place is 1,068 miles from San Francisco, and 136 miles from Albuquerque. The scenery in the mountains is beautiful, with many high peaks in the distance, but not much heavy grading, nor deep cuts, on the railroad. There are many places where there are spreading valleys, no doubt grassy in the spring, and suitable for grazing, but not much land near the railroad suitable for cultivation. It would be too cold, and in summer too dry.

Before reaching Holbrook, we passed a remarkable canyon, with a remarkable name—canyon del Diablo. It is a dry fissure, with almost perpendicular sides, 230 feet deep, on a plain, and only has water in it during the rainy season. For about eighteen miles this canyon cannot be crossed by a wagon, or even on horseback. After leaving Holbrook, we have the Little Colorado river near us, and many groves of trees near it, marking the valley through which it flows. There were cattle grazing here. No doubt this region will soon be well settled. The San Carlos Reservation is some 60 to 80 miles south of this region. There are many patches of "mesa" lands, looking like islands in the ocean. They must be dry and useless. We saw Indians at the different stations, before and after we passed the divide. The Navajo Reservation is not far from the railroad, and has about fifteen thousand on it, who own many sheep, with some cattle and ponies. At Gallup, before we pass the "divide," there is an extensive coal mine. The mountains in this region have a castellated appearance, and seem water-worn, something like in Echo Canyon, near Ogden on the Union Pacific. The bare rocks are of a reddish color, and the sides are perpendicular in many places, like the Palisades. In all the region, however, from the Needles to near Albuquerque, the mountains have large patches of pine trees. Near Albuquerque we see Pueblo Indians, and

at Laguna some of the villages can be seen perched on the rocks, with the accumulation of dwellings close to each other, and many stories high. The Zuni Indians are also near here, as they were at the railroad stations, offering blankets and articles for sale. The junction of the Atlantic and Pacific railroad, with the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad, is about thirteen miles below Albuquerque, which we reached about 11 p. m. The town is brilliantly illuminated with electric lights near the depot, and seems quite a lively American city. Lami, the junction for Santa Fe, is reached at 2:30 a. m. It is about an hour's ride on a branch railroad, to Santa Fe.

In the early morning we took breakfast at Last Vegas, now famous for its warm springs, but its beautiful large hotel was burned not long since.

The scenery on the Atchison and Topeka R. R. has often been described. The passage of the Raton Mountains gives the traveler beautiful scenery. The grade is 175 feet to the mile, and the descent on the other side to Trinidad is 185 feet to the mile. The road-bed has recently been ballasted with broken stones to the depth of about two feet, and is as good a road as can be found anywhere. The elevation at the summit of the pass of the Raton, (or rat) Mountains, is 7,200 feet. There seems to be a natural pass, and a wagon road is constantly in sight, near the railroad. The famous Maxwell Grant, of about sixty miles square, or two and a half million acres, covers this pass; it commences near Springer, and goes over the summit of the mountains; the boundary being very elastic, and still in dispute. Excellent bituminous coal mines are on this grant, not far from Trinidad, and the daily out-put of coal is 2,300 tons. There are extensive coke ovens near the railroad, reminding one of the region of Altoona, in Pennsylvania. The miners are of the Mexican race, and live in rough adobe houses. Some of these Mexican land grants are unjustly large, and as speculators have purchased the rights of original grantees, or their descendants, there is much strife about boundaries and sub-divisions. The Nolan grant, near Wagon Mound, and adjoining the Maxwell grant, is composed of six hundred thousand acres; but the boundaries are in dispute on account of different heirs selling their interests before it was divided. The mountain peak near Trinidad is quite prominent, and visible for a long time. There are also coal openings on the other side of the mountain, with a railroad to carry the coal to Denver and other points in Colorado. At La Junta we connect with the train from Denver, and we follow down the Arkansas river, for some distance, passing the ruins of the old town of Las Animas, which was an important place on the wagon road from St. Louis to Santa Fe; but now almost obliterated. The next morning we parted with the train for Kansas City at Halstead, and our division went on a branch of the St. Louis and San Francisco railroad direct to St. Louis, where we arrived at 7 a. m. next day, four and a half days from San Francisco. Yours, etc. RAMBLER.

Washington Letter.

April 15, 1884.—The proceedings of Congress during the week have been unusually interesting. The House first defeated the Converse Wool bill, and then decided almost unanimously in favor of retaining the whisky tax. It next voted against the bill giving lands in severalty to the Indians, and passed a bill requiring Governors of Territories to reside therein for two years before election to office. The public buildings bill occupied two days. But little progress was made on it, however, and it called forth the indignation of Representative Thompson, who characterized it as a combination for public plunder, which every member in charge of one of these bills was interested to sustain in order to pass his own measure. It cannot be denied that Congressional antagonists become courteous and conciliatory when appropriations for the erection of United States Court Houses, customs houses, and post-offices were pending. Each thought his own district bill particularly meritorious, but each was pleased with the task of dividing the surplus revenue upon a basis of mutual assistance in giving the constituents of others a fair share.

In the Senate, the event of the week was the passage of the Educational bill, after it had been amended so as to limit the distribution to eight years—seven millions for the first year, ten for the second, fifteen for the third, and then two millions less each year until the eighth, when the appropriation is to cease. The Naval bill is now before the Upper House, and the defenseless coast, war ships, bureaus of ordnance, yards and docks, equipment, construction, repair, and steam engineering, are points under discussion.

This week the tariff bill will be called up by its author, and then the bitterest and longest debate of the season will begin. The Osage Indian delegation, now in city, called upon the Secretary of the Interior, and presented a request to be considered hereafter as a civilized tribe,

and to be included in all laws with what they call the other five civilized tribes. Secretary Teller told them he would so recommend to the present Congress, but in that case they must farm, raise stock, and send their children to school. The Chiefs replied by reminding the Secretary that the Osage council had recently passed a compulsory education law, and that their school houses are full. These chiefs are tall, fine looking men, and have an extensive bank account, the proceeds of the sale of lands. They visited the Hampton school, where they have children.

It has become notorious of late years that the expenses of the funerals of Members of Congress were unreasonably heavy, and in many cases the detailed lists of expenditures have erected the matter into a public scandal. The committee on accounts has made a thorough investigation, and will provide against similar extravagances in future, though no formal report on the subject will be made.

The investigating committee having declared that the charges against Gen. Boynton were not sustained by the evidence, and that there was no ground for action by the House, when the resolution was called up the report was adopted without debate.

A number of petitions have been received by the House committee protesting against reduction of the lifetime of patents. Members of the committee say the petitions must be due to misapprehension on the part of the inventors of the country, and they want all persons interested to know that the committee has unanimously reported against the bill shortening the lifetime of patents.

The President spent Easter quietly with his family and declined to see visitors on Good Friday. The White House is visited now every day by hundreds of strangers. On one day of the week it was estimated that five hundred persons, a large proportion of whom were bridal couples, passed through its portals, and admired the decorations of its suite of parlors.

Mr. Morrison is determined to force the fighting on the tariff, and has announced that he will call up his twenty per cent horizontal reduction bill to-morrow. Mr. Kelly will raise the question of consideration and call for a ye and nay vote. This will compel both sides to muster their forces and the result will show how parties are divided upon the vital political issue of the day. Should the House decide to consider the bill, a vote may not be reached until after both the national conventions have met and adjourned.

To the Congregational Churches of California.

DEAR BROTHERS AND SISTERS:—The Permanent Committee on Temperance, appointed at the last session of the General Association, desire to bring this subject before you as individuals, as well as churches and local conferences. We would urge our churches in every part of the State to take a decided stand on the side of total abstinence.

We also call attention to the fact that whilst so many people believe in, and use alcohol as a medicine, the leading doctors of the world have declared that it is never necessary, often harmful, and always dangerous.

We would lay very great emphasis upon the necessity for the members of our churches conscientiously to vote as they pray. They pray for the removal of the liquor curse and the success of temperance. We beseech them to vote for these things, as this is the most efficient and in fact the only human method of making their prayers effectual. We also believe that of all times, this is the time for the church to take the lead in the prohibition movement, and that at once we should use what power we have in Art. XI, Section II, of the new Constitution in favor of local option. The article is as follows: "Any county, city, town, or township may make and enforce within its limits all such local, police, sanitary and other regulations as are not in conflict with general laws." This article has been sustained by the Supreme Court of this State in the two cases which have been appealed to it. We would call your special, personal attention to each of the points to which allusion is here made, for they are all important, and our churches should occupy the highest position in connection with this deeply important question.

On behalf of the committee, we are, Yours Fraternally,

GEORGE MORRIS, Chairman.
A. T. RUTHAUFF, Secretary.

Good News from Japan.

[The following brief but most interesting account is from our good brother Rev. Dr. J. D. Davis.]

Kiyoto, Japan, March 25, 1884.

DEAR BROTHER: We passed and are now passing through the most powerful revival we have ever seen here. We prayed during two weeks, the first of the year, for this blessing, and not only then, but our prayers have been supplemented by the prayers of faithful thousands at home. There has been a good degree of religious interest here in

Kiyoto all the year; the church in the center of the city has doubled, but our school has not been specially moved until ten days ago, when it was moved by an invisible power; whole classes were convicted of sin, those who had professed to be Christians as well as the others, and now almost the whole school is rejoicing in new love and peace and joy. Christians have received a new, a living, a spiritual view of truth. And the work goes on. And it is not only here in Kiyoto; the spirit is working with power in other places: in Osaka, in Imabari and other places; in the last mentioned place, on the island of Shikoku, pastor Ise is nearly worn out with the work, but brother Atkinson, who has recently returned, reports about 100 applicants for baptism there. I have not time for more before the mail closes.

Is it simply a coincidence that about forty letters sent to as many colleges and seminaries, asking for this very blessing, reached their destination two or three weeks ago? We are glad to know that many hearts are praying for us; we need great wisdom, as do all our workers, foreign and native, that no mistakes be made. Pray on for us all, and that this work may go on until the millions of Japan are reached and saved.

Sincerely your brother,
J. D. D.

The Chicago Advance of April 17th, says: "As we go to press the sudden death of Col. C. G. Hammond, of this city, is announced." Col. Hammond was one of the leading men of our denomination. A man of wealth and influence, and great liberality, his wise counsels and noble deeds will be greatly missed, especially among the churches and schools of the Northwest.

The Woman's Board OF THE PACIFIC.

President, Miss LUCY M. FAY, 1312 Taylor Street, San Francisco.
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Mrs. J. H. WARREN, 1526 Eddy St., San Francisco, and Mrs. I. E. Dwinell, Redwood City, Home Secretaries.

Wanted—Leaders for Mission Circles.

BY HARRIET M. EASTMAN.

(1.) The first requisite to the success of a mission circle is a leader who has faith in the cause for which she labors. No half-hearted work will carry the children. Their zeal will be measured by hers. If she is somewhat ashamed to take them from their play-hours "just to give them missionary intelligence that you can't expect them to be interested in," they will not be interested. But if, after careful and prayerful effort to bring together things bright, attractive and encouraging, she assumes without question that a missionary meeting is a pleasant place, and that the children will be as glad to hear this item and that which she has found for them as she was to find it, their interest will become genuine. Boys have been known who thought their playmates the losers in going to the skating rink instead of coming to hear a Chinaman tell about China, and to see his curiosities.

(2.) Giving holds an important place in missionary work, but in the case of the leader, money is a subordinate item. Her gift must be more valuable—even her own self to the Lord—for his work, in any way he may direct. Time and strength must be placed at his disposal without limit. There is the hour with the children—many hours and much strength in preparation for it, and beyond these, a reserve of both, in which to carry out plans suggested by the enthusiasm of the little ones; for it is at the peril of the meeting's life that she refuse to enter into their little schemes which her own influence has inspired.

One leader of a Band received a note from a friend, saying, "This strong appeal has come for an organ for the Mission station at T—." It will be a great power for good, but I see no way of securing it. I do not know that you have any means of raising money that will not take from the regular contributions to the Board—but my boys are so importunate that I should let them carry the appeal to you, that I send it. They think if they can only take it to you, it will be all right."

At first thought, this seemed a case not to be considered. There were but three more meetings before the summer vacation, and from February to May only five dollars had been raised in their weekly offerings. And yet, here was an opportunity. The father of those boys was a Missionary, who had died on the field. Should their enthusiasm be checked entirely? Should their faith in their leader be destroyed? No; some step must be taken. At the next meeting, part of the letter was read, and incidents given of the pastor who used an accordion to lead the singing in church. This recital was followed by the proposal to raise a part of the twenty-one dollars needed. At the second meeting an offer came from a circle of girls to help them. This stimulated the boys to work harder,

that they might raise it themselves, and at their last meeting, when the money was poured out from their treasury, they counted twenty-three dollars. A boy's enthusiasm sent that organ to China. Some of this money was given by their friends, but the greater part was their own gift. Perhaps some one can compute one boy's sacrifice from the statement that for three weeks he saved the sum allowed him for bicycle rides, that his contribution might be increased. And we all know that nothing is nearer to the boy-heart just now than a bicycle.

(3.) It is self-evident that prayer is the source of strength in any work of this sort. The degree of earnestness and faith in it, and dependence upon it, gauges the success of the leader.

(4.) And what does the meeting involve? There is the story of Christ's love for children to be impressed; the recital of the needs of those little ones who know nothing of that love, with the message from the Master to his young followers that they should tell the gospel story in all languages and places. He who said: "Suffer little children to come unto me," would be the Saviour of all childhood. That the heathen may be made real, personal, individual to the little ones, the leader must call to her aid every resource, whether of history, geography, science, biography, or incident, and she will feel well rewarded for her labors when she hears that some of the children make the day's subject the topic of conversation at home, until parents too become interested.

We have known a talk on Africa result in the request, by a boy of eight years, to have Stanley's "Dark Continent" taken from the Town Library and in his listening to the whole of it with unflagging interest. The same could be said of Madagascar, and other countries. (5.) Excellent missionary literature for children is increasing; although from its truthful portrayal of life, it must often excite the emotional nature; it also provides a healthy outlet for the awakened sympathies in the opportunity for ministering to the less favored and ignorant children in heathen lands. Numerous avenues for such ministry will open before the leader as with eye and ear on the alert for hints, she stands with a willing mind ready for suggestions. Often a little child will lead her. A boy, five years old, too young to belong to a certain Mission circle, was invited to an extra meeting to listen to an address from a missionary. A few weeks after, in looking over an illustrated paper, he discovered a Bible picture, and insisted that Miss H. must have it to cut into little bits of pieces. His mother thought his ideas rather confused, but always ready to encourage his missionary zeal, she allowed him to have the picture, and give it to Miss H. Then came the explanation. The Missionary had asked the children if they could not make him some dissected puzzles of Bible pictures. This incident led to experiments, and already some half dozen have been made, and it is hoped that during the coming winter many pictures will be put upon pasteboard and wood; and with knife and fret-saw prove excellent occupation for the meetings as a variety from making scrap-books. [June, 1883.—More than seventy maps and puzzles have been made during the past eight months. A large number of them have already been sent to foreign lands, and many have found purchasers here, thus increasing the funds of the Board. That boy's ears as well as his eyes had been trained. Query—Would not the younger children be the best candidates for mission circles?]

(6.) Happy the leader who has the co-operation of the mothers. If the atmosphere of the children's home is charged with the same interest in her cause that she herself possesses, her success will be more than doubled. The consciousness that she is sustained, not only by the influence, but the prayers of the mothers, will be a great stimulus to her own faith and prayer. But we must turn to the mothers to ask how this may be assured. Do they assume the right attitude towards the Mission Circle? The little ones are early taught that Christ is their best friend, and that they owe all their joys and blessings to him. But is his name a household word in the same sense that the names of earthly benefactors are? Do they find it a daily pleasure to do something for him? Are they encouraged to be eager in planning some expression of their love to him?

Every one rejoices in the work accomplished for the poor children of New York, through the "Tribune Fresh Air Fund." Perhaps not the least good was the drawing out of the sympathies and generosity of men, women and little children. These latter spent much time in planning and working out ways of raising money to aid the cause. The subject was discussed in hotel parlors, on the railroad cars, everywhere, and naturally the children entered with zest into what their elders thought worthy of discussion. It was not reserved for Sunday conversation, nor spoken under one's breath, nor was there any doubt expressed as to whether the children could be interested. But tell me, would

they be less interested in the story of other poor children, in distant lands, who have none to care for either body or soul, and are dying for lack of help that they could send by a little self-denial.

And now comes an appeal to the children of America to raise money for the purchase of a lot on which to erect a lasting memorial to Longfellow, who loved children and wrote of them. The request is published in the newspapers throughout the country, and it is taken as a matter of course that the children will respond, as 18,000 of them have already done. Tell me again, would the children be less interested in a plot in some distant country, where they could erect a school or hospital as a lasting memorial to the Saviour who loves them and died for them. That in many homes the mothers do exert just this influence, we have abundant proof, and the happiness of the children in these households shows how truly a labor of love it is to work for Christ—but when we remember that the children of to-day are the "Woman's Board," and the "American Board" in embryo, may we not urge that the number of such homes be multiplied? Children love to give, and it is for the parents to direct their gifts into the right channels. It was found, on opening the vacation mite boxes of a boy's band this fall, that the largest sums were not given by the children of rich parents, but by those who had been the most carefully trained to give out of their own earnings. Much might be said to prove that systematic giving is beneficial, not only as a habit, but as a means of enlarged gifts to the treasury. A single instance from these mite boxes will suffice. This summer fifteen boxes contained \$21.76, when four summers ago nine boxes brought only \$3.93. One mother, on being asked how she accounted for the large increase in her boy's contribution during the past summer, replied: "Aside from any religious or benevolent influence, I value the mission circle for its refining influence upon my boys. I notice the difference between the boys who attend the meetings, and their playmates who do not. I think generously the natural outgrowth of refinement." Another mother said: "The boys do not have opportunity to earn large sums, but I find they will make a great effort to earn five cents for their missionary box, when they would not exert themselves in the least to obtain for their own pleasure." Still another said: "I have been so thankful for those mite-boxes this summer. They have done more to train my boys in the habit of giving than all the efforts I have made in the year before."

(7.) Does any young lady feel prompted to take part in this work of moulding the little minds and hearts that are waiting, soft and impressible, to receive influences, good as well as evil? We would that all our workers had the gifts that were bestowed upon Bezaleel, whom God called to take charge of the gifts for the tabernacle. "He filled him with the spirit of God, in wisdom, in understanding, and in knowledge, and in all manner of workmanship, and to devise curious work, to work in gold and in silver and in brass and in the cutting of stones to set them, and in carving of wood to make any manner of cunning work—and he hath put in his heart that he may teach." But let not this array of gifts deter any one from the work, for we read also, that not only Bezaleel and Aholiab were "called," but every wise-hearted man whose heart stirred him up to come to the work, was accepted.

It is only for that a woman hath that she is comfortable. If she has but one talent, she will be surprised at the good accomplished through that, if she will only let the Spirit work in her. "If any work is really of God's giving, and he puts it into our hearts either to devise, or into our hands to do, no fear but he will provide stuff sufficient, whether metal or mental." (F. R. Havergal.)

We should enter heartily into the demands of home life, social duties and intellectual culture, which have claims upon us, but with faces set steadfastly towards Jerusalem, let them be the incidents of the way, to be faithfully attended to, but valued chiefly as the means of equipping us the better for the main journey of life.

When a Missionary mother wrote to her son in India, "Do not wear yourself out," he replied: "Dear mother, it is not the work I do that tires me, it is the work that I cannot do."

Is there not some one here who feels the weariness of work she can do, but has not done? If to any one the impulse comes to take part in this special department of service, let her not venture to stifle it till she has inquired if "this thing is of the Lord." Earnest seeking to know her place in the field will verify to her the promise of the Saviour, "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free"—free whether from the service, or free in the acceptance of it—a glorious liberty.

Mary, freed from the coldness and restraint of those about her, by the very fervor of her love, broke the precious alabaster box, and received her Master's approval.

Would that our love might find some worthy expression to-day!

Communications.

Faith and Feeling.

(Indian Witness.)

Any Christian who has had even a slight experience in leading inquirers into the way of salvation, can readily understand how important it is to guard against the tendency to pay more attention to what is called feeling than to the promises of God. At the outset nearly every one makes the mistake of supposing that emotional feeling must precede faith, and hence when urged to believe and rest upon God's sure word of promise, the penitent seeker is nearly always ready with the answer that he cannot believe, that his heart is too hard, or his guilt too great, or that wicked thoughts and inclinations rise up to darken his sky, and make trust in God impossible. In dealing with such cases every teacher knows that the inquirer must be persuaded to accept God's word, not because he feels like doing so, but because it is God's word, and because the word of the living God can be trusted, no matter what the mental or emotional state of a poor child of mortality may be. When at last this point is cleared up, and the earnest seeker believes what God says, quits thinking of his own subjective emotions and looks away from self and unto God, he quickly learns that the fruits of the Spirit—love, joy, and peace—result from faith, but do not precede it. This is according to the scriptural rule. The gift of the Spirit is consequent upon, but does not precede faith. "In whom also, after that ye believed, ye were sealed with that Holy Spirit of promise." (Eph. i: 13.)

No Christian need expect to be signally owned of God unless he can learn how to walk by faith, even without a faint glimmer of sight. It is in the vineyard of the Master where we are most prone to lose heart, and give up all as lost, as soon as we are left to toil with only the support which the promise of God gives. In the midst of visible success it is not hard to persuade ordinary Christians to believe, or at least it is not hard for them to persuade themselves that they believe. But when fruit does not appear, when opposition becomes bold and active, when the heavens no longer seemed to drop down dews of grace, and the earth no longer blooms in freshness and beauty, the ranks of the laborers begin to be thinned, and the hands of many hang down in languid hopelessness. The cause of this is not hard to find. The people do not study the terms of their call, do not keep their eyes fixed upon the word of God, but merely trust in and follow after the tokens of visible success which God may give them. They have not the faith that accomplishes great things. They grow weary long before the set time for the overthrow of the frowning walls before them has come, and they have no heart to wait through three years and a half of drought for God's set time of answering by fire.

God cares little for our feeling, but highly esteems our faith. Love is greater than faith in its intrinsic qualities, but love never springs up in the heart until faith has prepared a way for it. God seeks our love, no doubt; but as the condition of love in the heart is faith, we find that our Saviour above all things sought for trustful hearts, and recognized and rewarded faith wherever he found it. He seeks still. He has great treasures in store for him that believeth. He has great victories in reserve for those who learn the secret of trusting him. To thousands of weak and lowly ones he waits to speak the word of approval and comfort, "Great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou wilt."

We sometimes feel almost disheartened when we think of the low ebb of Christian faith which is witnessed on every hand. There are so few, so very few, who seem to know what it is to take God at his word, or what an awful thing it is to decline to take him at his word. We talk about miracles and wonders, and send to the ends of the earth to have Dr. Cullis or Dr. Boardman tell us what can be done, or what has been done, in answer to the prayer of faith; while all the time, on every shelf, and every table, and every desk, a book may be seen in which God has written the words, "Only believe; all things are possible to him that believeth." But such is the power of habit, or the perverseness of our poor human nature, that most men would rather believe Dr. Boardman than accept the simple promise of the Lord Jehovah. The heart of man does not like to believe God's word apart from all human corroboration. Here we discover the plague of the evil heart of unbelief. When this is taken away, and the heart made all pure within, it becomes a second nature to us to accept God's every word as true.

About Lamps.

1. Keep your lamps full of oil, not half, or two-thirds full, but full. 2. Do not use any oil that will ignite from a lighted match applied to the surface in an open vessel. 3. Keep your burner and wick-tube well cleaned, and the crust rubbed off the top of the wick. 4. Turn your wick down to extinguish the light. Never blow it out under any circumstances. Half the accidents are caused by blowing out. Turn the wick down and let it go out itself. 5. After the light is out turn your wick down as low as it will bear without getting out of the ratchet, and keep it so till you light again. 6. Never use a lamp or oil-can that leaks or is out of order. Get it mended or throw it away. Be careful to observe rule No. 2.—(J. B. Cooper, in the Synrna (Del.) Times.)

O, that our eyes were a fountain of tears, because they have looked for so little occasion to do good.—(Henry Martyn.)

Precautions in Infectious Diseases.

Patients should be upstairs, as infections rise; the spores and scales which carry the disease, and the air of the sick-room naturally floating upward with the currents of air. If scarlet fever, measles, diphtheria, or any such disease, is in a lower room, the upper part of the house is almost certain to be infected, and persons sleeping there are in danger. The best place for such a case is the large chamber in the wing, cut off from the rest of the house by the side entry, where the patient is away from the sights and sounds of the living rooms, and it is easy to keep them free from infection. I know a house where such a room with windows on three sides is called the hospital chamber, and every one taken sick in the family at once goes into it. The room is especially furnished for sickness, with nothing in it that can be spared, to absorb or give off bad air. The walls are not papered, for paper absorbs infection and bad smells, but they are painted so as to be washed readily. There is no carpet for the same reason—the carpet of a room where has been diphtheria or scarlet fever holding the germs of disease ready to give it to another, long after the first patient is well. The floor is covered with matting to deaden sound, for matting can be washed with carbolic acid as well as boards, and so disinfected. The bed is a thin one of hair over a woven wire mattress, which makes the most luxurious soft couch, as provided in hospitals for weary, aching invalids. Over the hair bed is a rubber sheet to prevent the tick from being stained with medicine or dressings, over this an old blanket to keep the patient from chill of the rubber, and then the sheet. A set of thin, old blankets, and a light coverlet, easily washed, are kept for sickness, and are thoroughly washed, with carbolic acid in the water, and boiled, after each case of sickness. You don't want to spoil good blankets by washing them and scalding as often as hospital bedding requires. I learned this the year we had diphtheria, scarlet fever, and chicken pox, rheumatism with its poultices, and a bad case of tumor with lancets and dressings, all in seven months. That is the sort of training life puts us through sometimes.

By such costly lessons I learned the safety of putting a patient as soon as he sickens in a separate room, for you never know at first just what an ailment may turn out. The chill with slightly sore throat which brings a child to the lounge in the sitting-room for a day or two, at the end of that time proves to be scarletina, or the gray diphtheria patches appear, and then to the care of the sick one is added the anxiety of knowing that its hot breath has been sowing the seeds of the disorder among the rest of the household. In sickness, if nowhere else, a care in time saves nine. It often saves life.

Have the room airy, with two opposite windows down at the top, and the bed out of the draft. It is better to have a fire in any weather when it is endurable, and keep windows open, for the draft carries away and consumes the bad air while drying and improving the fresh that it draws in. Keep the bed well out from the walls, so that the air can circulate around it and have, if possible, a lounge or small bed, in the same room, so that the nurse need not lie down on the sick bed, which is not good for her or the patient either. An excellent old practice in infectious sickness is to burn sulphur in the room once or twice a day, sprinkling a teaspoonful on a hot shovel and carrying it around slowly that the fumes may fill all parts of it. It does the patient no harm, but rather much good to breathe it, if not strong enough to make him sneeze or choke, and inhaling sulphur fumes of moderate strength with open mouth kills the poison of diphtheria and ulcerated throats, while it greatly lessens the chance of other persons taking the disease.—[The Next Neighbor, in April Wide Awake.]

POLLWOG IN THE POOL.—Dr. Talmage, on a recent Sabbath morning, gave utterance to the following: "A London fog has fallen on some clergymen, who are as sea as to the inspiration of the Bible. They deny its full inspiration. Genesis to them has become a myth, and they will drift until they land on a continent of mud from which, I fear, they will never extricate themselves. But some say, 'It is indeed from God, but has not been understood until now.' What kind of a father would he be who should write a letter to his children which could not be understood until a thousand years after they were dead, buried, and forgotten? Who make up the precious group of advanced thinkers to whom God has made a special revelation? Are they so noted for piety and disinterestedness that they shall take the place of Paul and John and Christ? On what mount were they transfigured? What star pointed at them when they were born? I am filled with two wonders in respect to them—first, what God did without them before they were born, and second, what he will do without them when they are dead. They are doing more damage to the cause of Christianity than could 5,000 Robert Ingersolls in a solid phalanx. Away back in the ages, my ancestor, they say, was an orang-outang, a tadpole, or a polly-wog; and it took a million years to evolve me."

"What a dreadful day this is!" escaped my lips," said a missionary, "as I greeted old Aunt Judy on entering her cabin-door." "Bress de Dord, honey," said she, "don't ebrtying come from de Lord? Den, if ye is a Christian, de wedder is good 'nuff for ye; and if ye ain't no Christian, de wedder is more'n too good for ye."

Religion, or Bible righteousness, is morality with sentiment, with feeling, with emotion; morality springing from a heart filled with love. It is not a cold living by law, but a glad living to God and man.—(Rev. Dr. Thomas.)

Diving for Sea-Eggs.

The "sea-eggs" are a species of the family Echinidae. Diving for them by Fuegian women is one of their most painful and dangerous ways of procuring food, as they often have to follow it when the sea is rough, and in coldest weather. The following description is taken from Mayne Reid's serial, "The Land of Fire," in the April St. Nicholas: "The savages do not long remain idle, another resource engaging them—a feat for which the Fuegian native has obtained a world-wide celebrity—namely, diving for sea-eggs. A difficult, dangerous industry it is, and just on this account committed to the women, who alone engage in it."

"Having dispatched their poor breakfast, half a dozen of the younger and stronger women take to the canoes—two in each—and paddle out to where they hope to find the sea-urchins."

"Arriving there, she who is to do the diving prepares for it by attaching a little wicker-basket to her hip, her companion being entrusted to keep the canoe in place, a task which is no easy one in water so rough as that of the sea-arm chances to be now."

"Everything ready, the diver drops over, head foremost, as fearlessly as would a water-spaniel, and is out of sight for two or three minutes; then the crow-black head is seen bobbing up again, and swimming back to the canoe with a hand-over-hand stroke, dog-fashion, the egg-gatherer lays hold of the rail to rest herself, while she gives up the contents of her basket."

"Having remained above water just long enough to recover breath, down she goes a second time, to stay under for minutes, as before. And this performance is repeated again and again, till at length, utterly exhausted, she climbs back into the canoe, and the other ties on the basket and takes her turn at diving."

"Thus, for hours, the sub-marine egg-gatherers continue at their arduous, perilous task; and, having finished it, they come paddling back to the shore."

"And on landing, they make straight for the wigwams, and seat themselves by the fire, almost in it, leaving the spoil to be brought up by others."

PROMISING PUPIL.—The Grass Valley Union says: One of the most promising pupils in the Grass Valley public schools is the nine-year-old daughter of Tin Loy, the Chinese interpreter. She has been attending school for two years past; her name is Lulu. The first year Lulu went to school she dressed in Chinese fashion, and her queer costume made her unpleasantly conspicuous. Then she pleaded with her father to let her adopt the garb of civilization, from an American standpoint, and after some reluctance he consented. So now she dresses after the fashion of our little girls, even her hair, which is braided behind and tied with two bright red ribbons, and in front is banged in the highest style of the art. Lulu talks about as clear English as any of the children, reads remarkably well for so young a person, and joins in the sports of her playmates with as much vim as any of them. The other children treat her well, as a rule.

COMING BACK TO NEW ENGLAND.—Mr. D. D. Royce, of Williamstown, Vt., does not think that the West is the only place where a farmer can prosper. He writes to an agricultural paper: "To the man who has judgment, energy, and muscle to back it, New England offers as great inducements as any part of the farming world. Land can be bought here from ten to twenty dollars per acre, with good houses, sheds, barns, plenty of wood, and good, pure running water, and all other necessary conveniences thrown in. Vermont raises sheep, cows, and horses that sell for two thousand dollars each. She has cows that furnish milk enough to make five hundred pounds of butter a year; she has sheep that shear twenty-eight pounds of wool, and horses that will go a mile in 2.15.—[N. Y. Observer.]

The Lutheran Observer says of the New Creed: "The Creed they have prepared is a remarkably clear and simple statement of the essential truths of Christianity, without any theories or speculations in regard to them. The most significant feature of the new Creed is the absence of the distinctive Calvinistic doctrines of the Savoy Declaration and the Westminster Confession. There is nothing in it about 'divine decrees,' 'elect calling,' 'limited atonement,' 'effect infants,' and other peculiarities of Calvin's system. The articles of the proposed Creed which cover the ground of the distinctive doctrines of Calvinism, are so stated that Christians of all Evangelical churches can accept them."

THE GOLDEN RULE.—A little girl had been taught the Golden Rule, but, when asked to repeat it, could not; but, after thinking a moment, she said, "What you don't want other children to do to you, you must never do to them." A teacher asked another little girl what the Golden Rule meant. The girl replied: "It means if other girls hunch you, you mustn't hunch back again." The Golden Rule says, "Do unto others as you would that they should do to you." Did the little girls give a good meaning to it?

The Thornwell Orphanage at Clinton, South Carolina, the outgrowth of the 50 cents given ten years ago by an orphan boy, now owns a farm of 125 acres, a beautiful seminary building, two stone buildings filled with orphans, and has for eight years supported a family of 40 orphans at an average annual cost of \$2,500.

"Will you name the bones of the skull?" "I've got them all in my head, professor, but can't give them."

If Satan ever laughs, it must be at hypocrites; they are the greatest dupes he has.

A Short and Effective Method with an Infidel.

Recently, a Christian minister offered for sale a small book upon the Bible to an infidel. He replied indignantly.

"Offer me a book on the Bible! I don't believe in the Bible itself. What do I want of your book?"

He then commenced a tirade upon the church and the Bible, accompanied with his infidelity, for several minutes, during which time the minister was silent. When he stopped the minister began:

"I suppose, sir, you are conscious of an existence?" (touching his arm.)

"Yes! I suppose I exist. What of that?"

"What is that permeating and directing your whole being, which you never saw and cannot describe?"

No answer.

"Do we not call it soul or spirit, something without which your body would be dead?"

"Yes! I suppose so."

"Is there not, then, in your very being a standing positive evidence that there must be an unseen and infinite spirit pervading and ruling all the material universe, who created you?"

"Perhaps so."

"Yet you say, 'Death ends all.'"

"Yes; that is, as far as we can see."

"Is there not a possibility growing out of the fact that you now live, that you may live hereafter?"

"It does look so."

"Well, if you could somehow, somewhere and some time find a life where all is blissful and immortal, which would you prefer—nonentity, or such a life as that?"

"Oh! I would prefer the life, of course."

"What a change in ten minutes! 'I thought you would when you understood the subject. Now, my friend, the Bible, which you have despised, comes to you as the revealed purpose of God to have such a life in the world to come; and if you will so accept it and qualify yourself for that world according to its instructions, you are the Lord's man.'"

There was silence and no effort for the "last word." His chin nearly touched his breast, while his countenance evinced serious thought and conviction. Now was the time to leave. The bookseller took his hand cordially, expressing earnest good wishes, and left the man with the thought of the future and of God's Book instead of his own.

A short time after, the minister called again to learn the result of his labor, but the man had gone West. He may be saved by this word in season.

There are other equally good methods, but we regard this one as valuable because it commands silent conviction, or extorts just the confession wanted for good results. Take one on their own consciousness, condition and needs, and the result is always good unless the person is "set to do evil."—[E. S. S. in Zion's Herald.]

Novel Church Experiment in America.

Mr. Thomas Hughes, the founder of the colony at Rugby, Tennessee, has written a letter to the Spectator, in which he says:

"Three years ago the settlement of Rugby was founded, and a few Englishmen, of whom the great majority were Episcopalians, with some Americans (mostly Methodists or Presbyterians), went to live there. One church was built, and handed over to a committee of the settlers, on condition that it was to be free to all denominations who desired to use it. Accordingly, the committee arranged that the Church Service should be used in the mornings of Sundays, and a Methodist or Presbyterian service in the evenings; while in the afternoons the building should be used as a Sunday-school of the New England type. Then came the question, 'Who would undertake the services? There was no clergyman, or regular minister, among the settlers; they could not afford to pay one, and no reliance could be placed on occasional clerical visitors or missionaries of any denomination.'

"The settlers, like sensible folk, chose the best man among themselves. This proved to be an energetic farmer—Blacklock by name—who had laid hold of some 200 acres of forest just outside the town boundaries with exemplary vigor. It seems that in former years he had been in the habit of conducting Methodist services in the south of London. This was his special qualification, but he willingly undertook to give the Church Service always in the mornings."

"On this footing, matters ecclesiastical have gone on with out a hitch. Mr. Blacklock has conducted the services to the entire satisfaction of all concerned, giving place occasionally, when the Bishop sent a clergyman to administer the communion, or a denominational minister happened to be staying at the hotel. Nothing could be more satisfactory, except that several babies were waiting to be christened, and there was no certainty as to when the next communion service would be held."

"The obvious remedy was, that Mr. Blacklock should be ordained; so, with his consent, I wrote to the Bishop suggesting this solution."

By return post the Bishop replied, expressing approval of the proposal and his high respect for Mr. Blacklock, and promising there would be no difficulty in the way of his ordination as a "minister or licentiate of the Methodist denomination."—[Ex.]

ENGLAND.—Moody and Sankey, at last accounts, were at New Cross Roads, London. The Hall is situated on the great highway leading from London to Greenwich. The crowds are enormous. At 11 o'clock on Sabbath the vast audience was much moved by the evangelist's presentation of the love of God. The work has taken a deep hold of the people.

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Miss Treadwell's Guest.

BY MARY DENSEL.

Miss Hannah Treadwell's house was a lonely-looking dwelling. The front blinds were always closed. The front door had never been opened since old Dr. Treadwell's funeral, three years ago.

Very few people called on Miss Hannah. No one ever "ran in" to spend an afternoon. No one was ever invited to "bring her knitting and stay to tea." So no wonder that all the village was excited when one morning in August there was evidently a stir in the Treadwell mansion. Not only were the parlor blinds thrown open, but Mehitabel, the rheumatic servant, was seen wrestling with the parlor windows, which refused to move an inch until they were pried open with a screw-driver. Then Miss Hannah herself appeared, walking down to the gate, and shading her eyes as she gazed up the street in the direction from which the Otisville stage would come, bringing its passengers from the railway, five miles distant.

And, sure enough, here was the stage, and perched on top a girl about fifteen years old.

Rumble! rumble! rumble! The coach drew up at Miss Treadwell's gate. The girl climbed nimbly down.

"Here I am, Cousin Hannah. Mamma says I may stay three whole months. She and papa have started for the West. You were so good to offer to take me in." Miss Treadwell bent down to kiss her visitor. "I am sure it was kind in you to come to an old woman like me, my dear," she said.

"Kind! Why, I was crazy to get here. I shall have a perfectly beautiful time. Who lives in the next house, Cousin Hannah? A girl, I hope; for mamma said I might go to school, and the girl in the next house will introduce me to everybody, I'm sure."

Chattering, laughing, the new-comer went up the walk, followed by the stage-driver, who was carrying her trunk.

"Come from New York, she did," explained the same stage-driver, as he flung down the mail-bag at the post-office door.

"She came from New York," repeated Rose Moore; "and they say she's going to school at the Classical Institute."

"With the rest of us?" asked Lily Meadows, to whom Rose spoke.

"With the rest of us!" answered Rose, and there was a sharp ring to her voice.

Lily noticed it at once. Lily always noticed Rose's tones, and brought her own into harmony. So, "It won't be very pleasant having a stranger at school," said she.

"Of course it won't. We've all been so intimate. And think of the airs this New Yorker will give herself! Why, the driver said her trunk almost broke his back. 'Twas as big as a small cottage."

"What heaps of clothes she must have!" exclaimed Lily, quite awestricken.

"I've no idea her clothes are any better than ours," cried Rose, giving a twitch to her orange-plumed hat.

The truth is, that hat was at the bottom of it all. It was new, and Rose had been counting on the sensation it would cause at the "Classical Institute."

Moreover, Rose had always been chief among the Otisville girls. And now here was this small person from the great metropolis, with unknown glories in the way of clothes, and probably a multitude of charms to match. Was Rose to be put one side by foreign dresses and manners? Perish the thought!

So it came to pass that when Alice Dill, already to clasp hands with new friends, presented herself at the "Classical Institute," Rose scanned her with a critical eye.

"I'll put on my very best dress, Cousin Hannah," Alice had said that morning. "I do so want the girls to like me, and perhaps if I look pretty they'll be more apt to."

"I do so want the girls to like me!" So it was that she made her own unhappiness.

Was it not a pity that the little gray gown was so very stylish? Far better had the fashionable New York milliner given her the plainest hat rather than that jaunty gray turban, with its lovely crimson-tipped wing.

"I do so want the girls to like me!" There the little stranger stood, casting wistful glances, almost on tip-toe in her eagerness to make friends. And Rose saw her. Oh yes, Rose took in the whole situation, together with the graceful gown and coquettish hat.

"She's from New York. It's not likely she'll have much in common with us," she whispered here and there.

Lily took her cue.

"From New York," she echoed. "Of course she'll look down on us country girls."

Such a tiny flame of envy and spite, but how it spread through the "Classical Institute!"

It reached Miss Treadwell's next-door neighbor, the girl on whom Alice Dill had especially set her hopes, Katinka Stearns.

Katinka had on a new dress, green with yellow polka dots, and how very queer it did look when compared with that gray gown from New York. So Katinka joined Rose and Lily.

Alice walked home alone at noon, and it was a very downcast face that looked over to Miss Treadwell's at the dinner table.

"Nobody spoke to me," said a voice half choked with tears.

"Maybe they were bashful, and waited for you to speak first," suggested Cousin Hannah.

Alice brightened. "Why, perhaps they did."

So off she started afresh, full of cheer. Rose was at the school-room door. "How do you do," said Alice.

"How do you do," answered Rose, and then she turned away.

The group of girls standing by began to giggle. The blood surged up into Alice's face. She crept away to her seat.

At recess she followed the rest into the yard, and stood in a corner, heavy at heart. Still hoping for a word from some one, a quick smile welcomed any eye which might glance that way, but it faded again when no one responded. So Alice tried to content herself by watching a game of "hop scotch."

She gazed in open-eyed wonder, for she had never seen anything so droll in her life as the performance of one very lean and lank young woman, who went hopping hither and thither like a distracted stork. When at last she gave a sudden plunge, and fell flat with a crash, Alice forgot herself, and laughed outright.

Rose heard her. "You see, Katinka," said she, "I told you she would make fun of our games."

So Alice was left even more severely alone, excepting for two or three of the youngest children, who smiled back at her when she offered to teach them "jack-stones."

"Don't you want to learn too?" she shyly asked Katinka.

"But Katinka caught Rose's eye, and answered, 'No, thank you.'"

"I know how to do gymnastics too," pleaded Alice. "They're great fun. We had some bars and a trapeze at home. My brother Will said I was a regular monkey at swinging. He used to make me jump and catch the trapeze when it was in full motion."

"We don't do such things here," said Rosa, coldly. Not knowing what on earth a trapeze might be, Rose was more convinced that the city girl was "putting on airs."

So Alice was thrown on the mercy of the younger scholars, and, little by little, it was taken for granted that she preferred the society of the "infants."

She was lonely at school, lonely also in the big, gloomy house, where Miss Hannah, in spite of her good-will, did not at all understand the needs of a young girl. Too shy to court the friendships which had been refused her, the sunny face grew sad. And this was the life which Alice had thought would be so delightful!

By degrees any real hospitality died out. Who could be actively unkind to so harmless an enemy? She was merely left alone.

"For, though I don't object to her," said Rose, "I see no reason that we should bother ourselves over her. She doesn't belong to us. She likes the 'babes': let her stay with them."

So it came to pass that Alice was not invited to join a select picnic to "The Pines," one warm Saturday in September. Sitting solitary on Miss Hannah's doorstep, she saw Rose, Lily, and Katinka go by with their baskets. She guessed only too well what a merry time they would have, but she did not know that, finding the mosquitoes had also chosen "The Pines" for their revels, they had sauntered back as far as the Otisville Inn, and taken possession of the big stage-coach which stood under the shed.

Here they ate their lunch, and when the driver appeared they begged him to take them with him to the train and back.

"We've lost half our fun," they pleaded. "Come, now, Mr. Larkin, do give us a ride."

The good-natured driver agreed, and quickly harnessing his horses, stepped into the inn to get a last bundle.

"Here's a jolly good time," exclaimed Rose, holding up a tin pail, and drumming briskly on the bottom.

The forward horse picked up his ears. "Tum-ti-tum! tum-ti-tum!" rattled the pail inside.

Toby's head went an inch higher. A shrill voice set up a song. The clatter on the pail grew louder.

"Ah!" quoth Toby. "Let's off and away."

Down the yard started the horses. The driver, at the window, saw them passing the gate.

"Whoa!" he shouted, rushing wildly after them.

It was too late. The horses turned a sharp corner, and took the road at a smart trot.

Rose, stretching her head out of the coach, screamed loudly. A small boy by the road-side threw up his hat. The horses swerved to the right—to the left. They tossed their manes. The trot became a canter, the canter a gallop, the gallop a run.

Inside the stage covered the girls, too terrified to think of jumping. Only Rose kept her head out the window, shrieking, "Whoa! whoa! Save us! save us! Whoa! whoa!"

They were nearing Miss Treadwell's house. There on the door-step sat Alice Dill. Rose saw her. It flashed on her mind how she had seen her on the same spot two hours ago, and had said,

"We don't want her."

It seemed like a dream, but she saw Alice spring from her seat, and dash into the road.

"Save us! save us!" screamed Rose. Then she fell back into Katinka's arms.

How she did it Alice could never tell. She only knew that her two hands grasped the trunk-rest of the coach, and with a tremendous jump she was on the shelf.

A strap was swinging from the top of the stage. Alice clutched it, and clambered to the roof.

The horses were running, but running steadily. The country road was smooth. Alice crept along. She was repeating a little prayer with all her might.

"The reins! the reins! Give me the reins. Amen!"

She balanced herself with one arm. She reached forward. It was one

chance in a hundred. Ah! there were the reins twisted around the whip-socket. Alice's fingers closed upon them. She planted her feet. She tightened her hold. Her eyes almost started out of her head. Her teeth were locked. Her breath came in quick gasps.

But just before her was Beadley's Mount, the steepest hill in all the country around. The horses tried to veer into a side road, but a sharp jerk on the reins drew them back.

Up the mount they plunged. Twenty yards, and the run had become a gallop; forty yards, the gallop was a canter; sixty yards, the canter was a trot; eighty yards, the trot was a walk. The leader's head drooped. Slower and slower grew the pace.

The top was gained, and the horses stood still, panting, trembling, their sides heaving, the foam on their bits and on their quivering haunches. Oh, blessed earthquake which, in ages past, upheaved Beadley's Mount!

On the box, white and stiff, her hands glued to the reins, sat the New York girl as motionless as a stone.

Rose, Lily and Katinka crept out of the coach. They stretched out their arms to Alice; they called her name, but she did not answer. Then they saw her droop and sink down.

The next three weeks were terrible to Rose, to Lily, to Katinka. They haunted Miss Treadwell's yard, but they might not see the fever-stricken Alice.

"And, oh, Rose," cried Katinka, with a burst of tears, "they say she is out of her head, and she keeps repeating, 'Push the trapeze, Will. I can catch like a monkey.' And then she cries out, 'The reins!—give me the reins! Amen!'"

Rose, Rose, she'll die, and we have killed her."

But, no. Alice did not die. She even went back in time to the "Classical Institute."

And did she stand in a corner now? Did she vainly ask for love and friendship?

Ah! what happiness the blessed October brought! It was Rose who called each morning to walk to school with Alice. It was Lily who gladly taught her games. It was Katinka who could never do enough for her.

Indeed, had it not been for Katinka, I should not have heard a word concerning the misery of September.

"To think how mean we were!" cried Katinka, with blushes of shame—"to think of it! Only to think of it!"

But Alice forgot it all in her joy. "Those dear Otisville girls!" she always said: "They were so very kind to me."—Harper's Young People.

Something to Decide.

She wasn't homesick, at least not exactly, though it was her first day at school, but she was thinking. It was almost bed time, and she dreaded it.

For the first time in her life she must get herself ready for bed in a room with three other girls, strangers to her, and two of them at least, laughed and chattered so much that they made her nervous.

If she could only slip away to her room before the others, and have a few minutes of quiet! But there was no use in trying for that; the moment the bell rang, they were all expected to troop to their rooms.

If the truth must be told, Sophie Baker felt a little bit like a coward. She did not mind brushing out her lovely hair before the girls, nor getting out her pretty dressing-case, and using her ivory handled tooth-brush, nor even putting on her dainty night-dress, with its delicate lace trimmings; the thing that she did not want to do was to kneel down before those girls and pray. She knew there were girls who never did this; she had heard Mollie Andrews, only a few days before she left home, laughing about a girl in school who kept up her "baby" habits, and always said her prayers before she went to bed. And Mollie Andrews had been in boarding-school for two years, and she knew how things went. What was to be done? Sophie was the youngest of all the girls, and could not bear to be laughed at, and she "must know," she said to herself, that none of those girls prayed. Yet she had never in her life gone to sleep without praying, and it shocked her to think of doing so.

Of course she wouldn't; but couldn't she slip into bed, cover her head closely, and pray, as well as she could on her knees? This was what she asked herself with a beating heart, while the girls buzzed around her, busy with a last glance at their next day's lessons.

Sophie had been carefully taught; she knew that if she were sick and could not kneel down, God would be as well pleased with her prayer in bed, as he would on her knees, but how about creeping into bed and praying because she was ashamed to have others see her!

It made her cheeks glow to think of it.

"I'll never do it," she said at last, decidedly. "I shall kneel down and pray just as usual, even if they all laugh and poke fun at me." After that she felt happier, it was so comfortable to know just what she was going to do.

It took her longer to brush her hair than usual that evening, and the merry voices around her did not quiet the beating of her heart, but at last she dropped on her knees and buried her face in the pillow, and tried to pray. It was very still about her; the girls might be planning some fun, but they did it quietly. A sweet sense of being with Jesus stole into Sophie's heart, and when she arose, the loud beating which it had almost seemed to her the rest could hear, was still.

But why were the others so quiet? She looked about her, every girl was on her knees.

One by one they arose quietly, with no air about them of having done anything strange or unusual; they kissed

one another good night, their voices just as happy as before, but a little quieter, and very soon the light was out, and they were resting on their pillows.

"I have much people in this city." It was a part of a verse that Sophie had learned not long before, and it kept floating through her mind as she went to sleep.

Perhaps the Lord Jesus had "much people" in that school where she had foolishly imagined herself the only one who prayed! She did not feel lonely any more, and it seemed to her very silly to have been afraid to pray. What if she had jumped into bed without it, and all the others had knelt? How ashamed she would have felt.—Pansy.

The Toilet of the Fly.

The toilet of the fly is as carefully attended to as that of the most frivolous of human insects. With a contempt for the looking-glass he brushes himself up and wabbles his little round head, chuck full of vanity, wherever he happens to be. Sometimes after a long day of dissipation and flirting, with his six small legs and little round body all soiled with syrup and butter and cream, he passes out of the dining-room and wings his way to the clean, white cord along which the morning-glories climb, and in this retired spot, heedless of the crafty spider that is practicing gymnastics a few feet above him, he proceeds to purify and sweeten himself for the refreshing repose and soft dreams of the balmy summer night, so necessary to one who is expected to be early at breakfast.

It is a wonderful toilet. Resting himself on his front and middle legs, he throws his hind legs rapidly over his body, binding down his frail wings for an instant with the pressure, then raking them over with a backward motion, which he repeats until they are bright and clean. Then he pushes the two legs along under the wings, giving that queer structure a thorough currying, every now and then throwing the legs out and rubbing them together to remove what he has collected from his corporal surface. Next he goes to work upon his van. Resting on his hind and middle legs, he raises his two forelegs and begins a vigorous scraping of his head and shoulders, using his proboscis very little while to push the accumulation from his limbs. At times he is so energetic that it seems as if he were trying to pull his head off, but no fly ever committed suicide. Some of his motions very much resemble those of pussy at her toilet. It is plain, even to the naked eye, that he does his work thoroughly, for when he has finished he looks like a new fly, so clean and neat has he made himself within a few minutes. The white cord is defiled, but the fly is himself again, and he bids the morning-glories a very good evening.—[Electra for August.

Right in Meeting.

One Sunday, little Annie May, who lived in the country, went to church for the first time.

She wore a blue dress, and blue shoes and white stockings, and a white straw bonnet with blue strings tied under her mite of a dimpled chin. Her eyes matched the ribbon, and her cheeks were as pink as a rose, and her hair was almost the shade of my canary's wing.

Altogether, she was a very sweet and dainty little maiden indeed.

Elder Rogers was the preacher. Annie knew him very well. He came to her papa's house often in a big covered carriage; and he brought her apples in his pocket, and took her on his knee and told her stories while she ate them.

Annie remembered all this; and, when the elder had taken his place in the pulpit, she slid off her seat, and crept out under the settees to the pulpit, before anybody knew what she was going to do. She held up her wee mouth.

"I've come to give you a kiss," said she, "and I want you to tell me a story."

The congregation smiled, all but Annie's Aunt Jane. The elder smiled too, and took the kiss, and told Annie she must wait a little while for the story.

Annie climbed upon the big chair to wait. But she couldn't keep her blue eyes open, and the first thing she knew Aunt Jane was shaking her awake.

"I'll bring you the story to-morrow," laughed the elder.

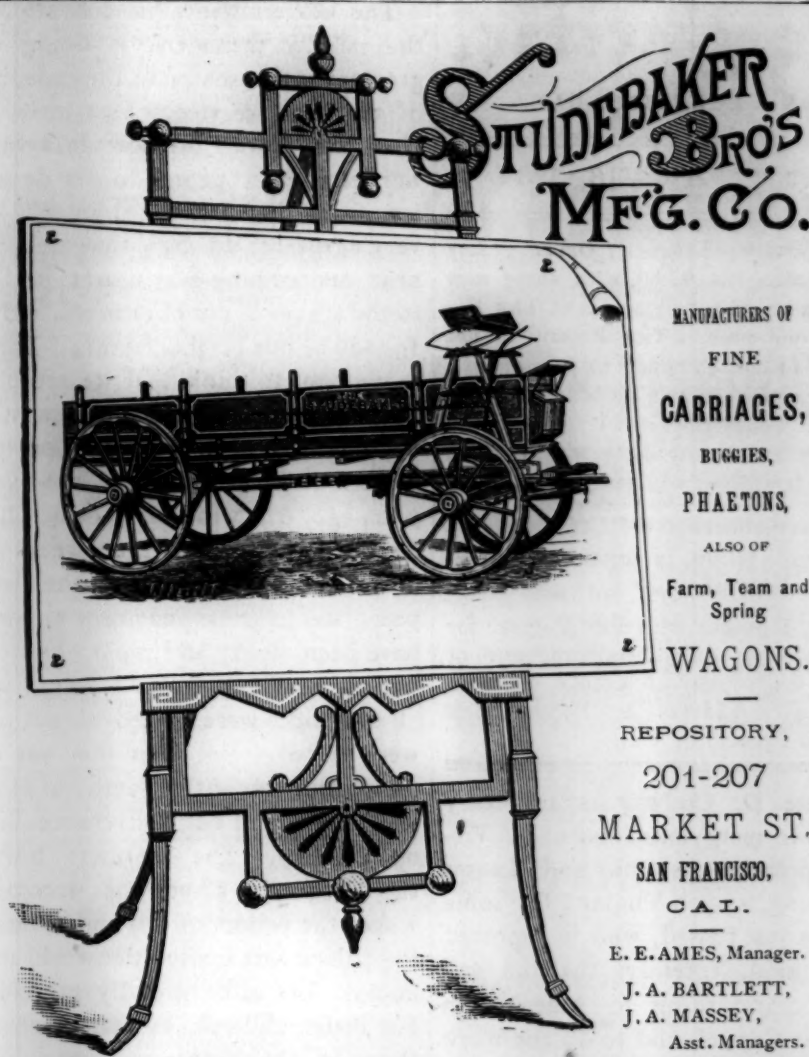
"And the apples?" asked Annie. "Wasn't she a funny little girl? But she didn't know any better, you know."—[Youth's Companion.

At a school in Tokio geography is taught by means of a map between three and four hundred feet long. This map is made of turf and rock, and is bordered with little pebbles, which, at a little distance, gives the appearance of water. Every inlet, river, and mountain is faithfully reproduced. Telegraph wires mark the latitude and longitude, and the position of the cities is indicated by tables.

A writer in a scientific monthly asks: "What is a meter?" In reply a jocular editor said: "An opinion has long prevailed that a meter is a contrivance that works twenty-seven hours a day, eight days a week the year round; and when you resolve to economize in the use of gas, it throws in a couple of extra hours daily without charge."

The seldomer our thoughts are communicated, the less communicable do they become; the seldomer our sympathies are awakened, the less ready are they to wake; and if social affections be not stirred by social intercourse, like a neglected fire they smoulder away, and consign our hearts to coldness.

Excitably of religious feeling is not what most of us have to fear, but rather numbness, a moral state which has not gotten above feeling, but declined below it.—[Advance.



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The Pacific.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Wednesday, April 16, 1884.

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Moncure D. Conway is a literary and liberal clergyman, born in Virginia, a preacher in Ohio and Kansas while young, and in England for some years now just passed, who is reported to have said, recently, that he was thinking of returning to America, to live at the Capital, and to do the work of a scholar and writer in the land of his birth, during the rest of his life. About the wisdom we are not concerned. It is with assigned reasons that we deal for a moment. He has lived in Europe; and he has, of late, been traveling round the world, and has seen what the globe is, and has to promise, to one who really wishes to be of service to his kind. But he finds that the older a land is, as a rule, the less hopeful it is as a scene of human endeavor. And so he longs for America again as the land of lands, and the country which promises most for God and humanity of any land under the sun; the country in which one like himself can labor with the most hope and the best fruition. There is much in this. "There is no place like home." But we must not be too selfish. We must strive to make other lands like our own. We must send them our men and women, our bible and our religion. All the world cannot come to us. We must show other peoples how to make native soils yield the harvests of liberty and bounty which wave over our vast domain.

Nearly thirty centuries ago the Judean poet sang: "The winter is past; the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come; the voice of the turtle-dove is heard in our land; the fig-tree putteth forth her green figs; and the vines in full blossom yield fragrance." After two full months of storm, or half storm, we have come out into summer. The trade-winds have begun to blow. All the landscape is clothed with verdure. The latest trees of orchard and growths of vineyard are bursting into bloom; and the gardens freight the air with odors. It is no wonder that visitors, from the yet drear aspects of nature at the East, arriving now, break into raptures, and fancy themselves in the homes of the blest, and amid the bowers of "Paradise regained." The country is very beautiful; and we are as happy as merely an environment of nature can ever make us. Whatever is wanting to our perfected bliss is social and civil in its origin, or of the emptiness within. "Every prospect pleases and only man is vile." But even the vileness is mitigated or missing, here and there; and many a home and life is sweet as the morning air.

The English papers which are now reaching us, come freighted with articles concerning the unexpected decease, in Cannes, France, of Leopold, the youngest son of the Queen of England. This young man, whose official title was the Duke of Albany, was literary in his tastes and habits, was unworlly in his disposition, and religious in his feelings, hopes and aspirations. Time was when he really thought of taking orders as a clergyman. It is probable that his weak constitution and infirm health stood in the way of such a plan. This son was in character and otherwise like his sister Alice, who has passed away; and both were more like their father, Prince Albert, than any others of the royal household. There is great tenderness in the sorrow which is manifested, and which seems to have touched all hearts in Great Britain. The young Duke promised so much as a philanthropist, a humanitarian, and a reformer, that it seems like misfortune to mankind that he could not have lived on to be near the throne, and to exercise a benign influence over the new administration that must soon rule the British Empire, in the course of nature.

The Government, in concert with the railway managers, is doing us a great favor this season in the expediting of the mail service. Fast mails and close connections are now bringing us our letters and papers in six days, or less, from the Atlantic border. It is very agreeable to feel that we are so near, and coming ever nearer, in time, to the scenes of our childhood, and the friends of our brighter years. It is also pleasant to think that we are closer to the centre of things, and almost under the wing of a great and powerful Government, as we were not thirty years ago, when the mails came once a fortnight, and nearly four weeks after date. Looking back over the lapsed years, the progress may now appear to have been steady and rapid; but there were tedious months and long, when all our hopes were dashed, all our plans were baffled. But when the war took the obstruction of the South out of politics, the day of our deliverance flamed up the sky. The steamers hurried, the telegraph came, the locomotive waked the echoes of hill and plain, and the palace cars invited the world to our doors. Let us be proudly grateful for fast mails, and ask as many more of them as the authorities can spare. They will pay, in some form, both givers and receivers.

In the necessitated absence of Dr. Warren, Prof. Benton filled the lecture hour last week before the students of the Pacific Theological Seminary, with a paper on the doctrines of "The Supernatural." "Nature" was specially defined in its lower and in its higher ranges, and man was defined as within nature, though so much above its common levels. The idea of the supernatural was shown to be a necessity of all logical thinking; so that the best thinking must conduct to God, if he be not even revealed to the reason in spontaneity. But the chief endeavor of the lecture was to show how much more agreeable to the feeling, and rational to the understanding, is the idea of an infinite and personal spirit, as the eternal source of all that has been gun to exist in the universe, rather than anything else ever projected into the place of it. The idea of the supernatural, i. e. God, was contrasted with certain forms of agnosticism, with materialism, and with pantheism, in its two extreme forms of materialistic and idealistic pantheism; and shown to be wonderfully free from the misconceptions, errors, absurdities, and myths which surround and are involved in these "isms;" and vastly superior in clearness, intelligence, and charm of sufficiency to any other idea of the eternal something (posed in every human intellect) to which our mortal and immortal thought can climb.

We have had the pleasure of a call from the Rev. Dr. H. M. Field, of the New York Evangelist. Dr. Field is the youngest of the distinguished "Field family," of which the Hon. Judge S. J. Field, of the U. S. Supreme Court, and from this State, is another member. Our acquaintance with various members of this "family" began more than forty years ago. "The father of the family" was a New England Doctor of Divinity, of considerable note, and the son exceeds the father by a natural law of excellence. Dr. Field was here from a tour of the world eight years ago. He has been here again a few weeks, for observation and rest. He preached very acceptably for Dr. Barrows, last Sunday, morning and evening. He left for home on Monday. We wish him a safe return. He is still comparatively fresh and young, and we shall hope to see him here yet again on these entrancing shores.

Our happy Legislature, in extra session, is still wrestling with its problems, and very evidently is finding them much bigger than it ever dreamed they could be. No measure in the line of things for which the body was specially convened has yet passed both branches. One of the favorite bills seems likely to fail in the Assembly even, where the anti-monopoly feeling is thought to be largely in the ascendancy. What we hear is, that none of the extreme, radical and half-revolutionary measures that were so vehemently urged a month ago can possibly be passed; but that any reasonable bill, looking toward reform, and likely to be of benefit to the State's finances, will pass without serious opposition. When the wild faction that urged on this extra session finds that it cannot carry a single point of its own, we may look for some wholesome enactments and a speedy adjournment.

Plymouth Church, Chicago. Dr. Scudder pastor, gave an Easter offering of \$4,000 for city Missions.

Dr. Cyrus T. Mills.

The death of Cyrus T. Mills, Sunday morning last, removes a man who has done notable work for education in our State. He has done it so quietly, too. We are reminded of that temple in the erection of which was not heard the sound of hammer or axe. It would be difficult to name the man who had less ostentation or pretension. To meet him, passing to and fro, you would not have thought of him as great or prominent. He made no figure in conventions: his contributions to the press were few; his speeches were not many, and those he did make were brief and simple. Yet where is the man of our State who has left behind or seems likely to leave behind him so substantial an educational work as he? Substantial in more than one sense. For the bare item of money invested by him in education runs up to a sum which has not yet been equalled, that we know of, by any of our millionaires. But he gave more, for he put all his life into it for these twenty years of his residence among us.

Cyrus Taggart Mills was born in Paris, New York, and if he had lived to the 4th of May, would have completed sixty-five years. Of his Eastern life and circumstances before entering college we are not informed. But he always deemed himself fortunate in having pursued his collegiate studies at Williams, and at the feet of Mark Hopkins, for whom he felt the warmest admiration and gratitude. That rare teacher's methods left upon Dr. Mills a deep and fruitful impress. After graduating in 1844, he pursued and completed his theological studies at Union Seminary in New York City. He was married at Ware, Mass., to Susan L. Tolman, and in October, 1848, of that year sailed for Madras as missionary of the American Board. He was stationed in Ceylon. There for five years he was principal of the Battacotta Seminary. Broken in health he was obliged to return to America. For some two years he made himself useful to the cause he loved by addresses to the contributing churches in various parts of our country. He was settled also over the church in Berkshire, N. Y., for two years. He spent two years more in business at Ware, Mass. In 1860 he became president of Oahu College, near Honolulu, succeeding the Rev. Dr. Beckwith of this city in that position. Of his efficiency in this as well as the other occupations, doubtless others will fully speak. The climate of the islands was not vitalizing enough for a constitution which had already been undermined in Ceylon, and he came to California. After a temporary service in the Oakland Seminary, in October, 1865, he became the successor of Miss Atkins, at Benicia, and the owner of that pioneer institution for young ladies. It was reopened under his care with thirty-eight scholars, and grew steadily till it became impossible to accommodate, within those narrow limits, the young women who applied for admission. Dr. Mills meanwhile prospered financially; had acquired the beautiful landed property in Brooklyntownship, which seemed so choice a site for a permanent seat of learning. With the co-operation of some energetic and liberal friends, he was enabled to erect the noble building now known as the home of the seminary which bears his name. One hundred and sixty-five thousand dollars were invested at first in this venture. The property was in his own name, and largely, predominantly, his own creation. In 1871 the school was transferred to the new place. We need not state the familiar fact of its continued progress. During these nearly twenty years, as many as three hundred young women have received diplomas of graduation at his hands, and they can and do speak for him better than any of us. This institution, so fitly situated, and so well furnished, Dr. Mills decided to a Board of Trustees some years ago—a noble dedication in trustworthy hands. For a few years since he has conducted it in their interest, and in such a way as almost to free it from the \$50,000 debt which rested upon it at the time of the transfer of the property. He had in hand other plans which he deemed hopeful, by which he fondly wished to do still greater things for the purpose which has crowned his years. "Some things more I wanted to finish." But his little strength was nearly all exhausted; so when the bruised arm developed into an unhealed sore, and amputation became necessary, there was no rallying power to sustain the shock, and expel the poison. In a few hours after the skill of the surgeons had given

not a little expectation of relief, he began to sink as quietly and undemonstratively away as he had quietly and undemonstratively lived. "I cannot think," he said, "but I trust." In his case, trust had been long placed in Him who is the resurrection and the life.

Looking Back.

Very many of the glances of those of us who are advanced in life are turned back toward the reaches of the way already traversed. So far as our earthly journey is concerned, memory is busier with us than anticipation. The way onward is short, and enters presently the misty valley. The way behind us stretches back in clear vision to the sunny morning of childhood. So we pause and linger, with our faces looking toward the scenes of the past. How they rise again, the years that are fled, bringing with them the record of our personal story from the earliest chapter! The kindling eyes gaze in again upon the home of our infancy years. The pilgrim feet recross that familiar threshold, and fit themselves to the footprints still so visible there. The whole picture of those fleeting days is clear in its outline and vivid in its coloring.

So, also, is the juvenile stage, which was so occupied with its own transcendent importance. The changeless expression of the countenance, happy or clouded—the tones of the voice, peevish or cheerful—the words soft and pleasant, or bitter and reproachful—the movements of the frame in their contrasted characteristics—all these demonstrations re-enact themselves before these backward glances. And when the methods of training were inaugurated—when the ties of elect fellowship are intertwined—when questions of occupation and the outlay of brain and hand were taken up and settled—when the energies of riper years were lavished upon chosen pursuits, and the aims and principles and issues of such absorbing schemes, with their progress and changes and tributes, were adopted and pursued—all these come drifting back, as though of yesterday.

We cannot dwell, in these few lines, upon this pictured review. We only lift the canvas to emphasize the shadows that darken here and there its breadth.

Ah, in many a relation, what tempers were indulged, which it pains us now to recall! What words were spoken, the echo of which we would silence forever if we could! What ambitions were cherished, sensual and ignoble! What acts were performed, the stain of which we cannot blot out! If we could only go back, instead of simply looking back, and try these manifold issues over again with a truer and wiser inspiration! What, then, is the use of these vain regrets? To us, only to perfect our humiliation and penitence.

But we dwell upon these pages of the by-gone and irrevocable past, that those who are yet in the midst of their life-problems, may be quickened to study them carefully and conscientiously, and to look heavenward for light and grace in the choice and the execution of their personal calling, as they wrestle with the questions of wisdom and duty. The aspect of the present, under the dazzling light of the noonday sun, may not be the aspect revealed by the calmer beams of declining day. Watch, pray, don't lay up shame and sorrow for the evening twilight!

And those, who stand still farther back, looking out with the courage and hope of youth upon the climbing paths possible to adventurous feet, and meditating brave victories of energy and daring over the perils and difficulties of human enterprise, we would caution them also to go forward—before such choice—to the grey hairs of life's decline, and look back, in those sunset beams, upon the plans that are so inviting now, and strive to read the comment of the tremulous lips of age upon undertakings that present themselves with such fascination to young and ardent souls.

Look back, upon your ways and choices, from the border land, before you make your advance decisive and returnless; and wed, if you can, the freshness of youthful ardor to the prudence and discretion of age! A. L. S.

American Bible Society.

The stated meeting of the Board of Managers was held at the Bible House, New York City, on Thursday, April 3rd, 1884.

It was stated that two hundred and seventy-eight colporteurs are now prosecuting the Fourth General Supply.

In connection with the foreign work of the Society, reports for the year 1883 were presented from the agencies in China, Brazil, Uruguay, Turkey, and Persia, showing a considerable increase over the preceding year in the aggregate number of volumes of Scripture put into circulation. Interesting communications were also received from Cuba, Mexico, Ceylon, India, Austria, and other foreign lands, in which the funds of the Society were expended during the last year.

For the foreign work of the Society appropriations of funds for the coming year were made to the amount of \$109,640.32.

Grants of books were made for benevolent distribution in this and in other lands, the aggregate value of which was about \$12,850.

Two Bible Societies in Nebraska, and one in Mississippi, were recognized as auxiliaries.

The total receipts for March were \$59,146.93; and 81,336 volumes were issued from the Bible House during the same month.

The church at Jackson, Dr. J. W. Hough's, at a special meeting called for the purpose, April 13, adopted the New Creed and Confession of Faith without a dissenting vote.

Home Missionary Col.

Conducted by J. H. Warren, D. D.

Office, No. 7 Montgomery Avenue.

Interesting Facts

Have been brought out from the Congregational Year Book by Deacon J. W. Sykes, of Chicago, and published in the *Advance* of April 17th. Some of these facts present a contrast between the Eastern and Western churches in an interesting and suggestive light. The Western having only one-third the aggregate membership of the Eastern, show seventy per cent. of the gain in membership in the entire denomination; or, to put it otherwise: A membership of 125,000 in the West gains four and a half per cent, while a membership of 258,000 in the East gains a little less than nine-tenths of one per cent.

In the Eastern States there are 103 Sabbath-school scholars to each 100 members, while in the West there are 138 scholars to each 100 members. The benevolences of Eastern and Western churches are also contrasted in Mr. Sykes' paper. The following table we reproduce entire:

1, Minneapolis, per member, \$49.59; 2, Hartford, \$21.43; 3, New York, \$18.11; 4, St. Louis, \$17.66; 5, Chicago, \$15.15; 6, Boston, \$14.34; 7, Providence, \$12.99; 8, Worcester, \$12.55; 9, New Haven, \$7.42; 10, Portland, \$6.58; 11, Brooklyn, \$5.05.

It will thus be seen that Boston falls behind Minneapolis, Hartford, New York, St. Louis and Chicago; and Brooklyn brings up the rear. Mr. Sykes then makes an exhibit based on the total of benevolences and expenses in sixteen States, which is as follows:

1, California, per member, \$36.55; 2, Minnesota, \$27.46; 3, Missouri, \$23.94; 4, Rhode Island, \$22.62; 5, Illinois, \$21.59; 6, Massachusetts, \$16.47; 7, Michigan, \$14.99; 8, New York, \$14.52; 9, Kansas, \$13.28; 10, Ohio, \$12.65; 11, Indiana, \$12.50; 12, Vermont, \$12.05; 13, Maine, \$12.02; 14, New Hampshire, \$11.29; 15, Iowa, \$11.14; 16, Wisconsin, \$10.91.

It will be a surprise to some to notice that California, Minnesota and Missouri lead such States as Massachusetts, New York and Vermont. In the five New England States, with New York, the average per member for all purposes reported, is \$14.84; while the average per member in nine Western States, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri and Kansas, is \$15.91, or \$1.07 per member in excess of the East. No wonder Mr. Sykes moved to say, "We do not call upon our brethren in the East to do for us, but with us. There is no need of saying that we depend too much upon the East, and that we do not give our own proportion."

And yet one is forced to ask with most grateful speech, if the East had not done for us, what would we of the West be to-day? God bless the East.

Religious Intelligence.

Pacific Coast.

At a meeting of the Club on Monday last, Rev. W. H. Cooke, of the Golden Gate Church, Oakland, presented the topic, "Unconverted or Dead Christians; What shall we do with them?" Amongst the visitors at the Club were Rev. J. Thompson of the Bible Society; Rev. W. T. Furman of Petaluma, and others.

Rev. E. F. Dinsmore will present the topic at the next meeting of the Club. The subject will be "A call for Help."

Rev. Dr. H. M. Field of New York, preached at the First church in this city, last Sabbath morning. At night he gave a deeply interesting lecture on "Bible Lands."

Rev. Dr. Holbrook supplied the pulpit at the Third church in this city last Sabbath.

Rev. Dr. Beckwith spent last Sabbath preaching in Sacramento.

At the Fourth church, Rev. H. Macy preached on the words "Not far from the Kingdom of God." At night the second lecture of a series on the parable of the Sower was given, the special topic being, "The Stony-ground Hearer."

Rev. H. E. Jewett preached at Bethany church last Sabbath, the pastor, Rev. W. C. Pond, being absent at Santa Cruz, where, on Sabbath evening, the anniversary services of the Chinese Mission were held. The church was crowded, the exercises were very attractive, and the reports encouraging.

At the Mariners' church, Rev. Joseph Rowell preached in the morning on the words, "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord."

Good reports are given of the work in Eureka Valley.

Rev. Dr. McLean having gone to the Hawaiian Islands for a brief visit, Rev. R. L. Tabor officiated for him last Sabbath.

At West Oakland, Rev. W. Frear discoursed in the morning on "The Word growing and prevailing in Ephesus." At night, the topic was "The Operations of Memory," based on Peter's remembering the words of the Lord.

At Golden Gate Church, Rev. W. H. Cooke preached on "The Blessedness of Winning Souls," and "What must I do to be saved?"

Rev. W. T. Furman of Petaluma, preached at Berkeley. The topic in the morning was "Truth and its Manifestations," and at night, "The only Proper Object of Glorying."

Rev. C. A. Savage had a good day in Petaluma. His subject was "The Development of the Kingdom of God in the World and in the Human Soul."

Dr. Moor preached at Plymouth Avenue church on the words "As many as received him to them, he gave the right to become the children of God."

Prof. Moor preached at Mills Seminary in the afternoon.

Our good brother, Rev. W. L. Jones of Cloverdale writes: "Had a fine Easter Sunday-school concert last Sabbath evening. On the preceding Sabbath, held our regular communion. Two persons were admitted on profession. Everything prosperous."

Rev. P. COOMBE of Ferndale, Humboldt Co., gives the following encouraging news: "Three persons united with us at last communion services, two on profession, one by letter. Last Sunday our services were commemorative of Easter. In the evening a double quartette of vocalists, assisted by the Sabbath-school, gave an interesting service of song, which was highly appreciated by a crowded audience. The morning sermon was from Colossians iii: 1. 'If ye then be risen with Christ,' etc. There are several other persons to unite with us at next communion, who were detained from doing so at last. Our prayer-meetings are better attended now than ever before. Several who have united with us recently are making themselves very useful, and the outlook for the Congregational church here never seemed brighter than to-day. So say some of our oldest members."

We are glad to inform your readers that the Astoria, Or., Congregational Sabbath-school has taken a deep interest in the matter of subscribing for the new *Morning Star* missionary ship, and this week we forward cash for thirty-seven shares, which were taken without any coaxing or urging. We are also glad to tell you that our school is growing rapidly.

On Sunday last, Messrs. I. T. Saxby and T. S. Mills and a number of ladies connected with the Congregational church had a meeting at the church near the plaza, and determined, that in view of the very large number of that denomination here, they would send East for a minister with an offer in the beginning of \$1,000 a year. They will shortly thereafter commence the erection of a church just in front of the old edifice. [Ventura Signal.]

DEAR PACIFIC: After struggling eight years for an existence, the little Congregational church of Suisun seems just now, to be overshadowed by a darker cloud than ever before.

Three weeks ago our much loved pastor, Rev. A. F. Hitchcock, left us, for a new field of labor; he had guarded our work so tenderly and spiritually, no one can tell how we miss him. But "all things work together for good to them who love the Lord," is the blessed promise. So we are not discouraged, but trust, praying that a pastor will be sent to us who will take up the work and reap the fruit of the seed sown by our pastor in the Master's name. Pray for us. F. H. Suisun, April 21, 1884.

A correspondent at Astoria says: Last Sabbath evening we used the concert exercise gotten up by the American Congregational Union, and we had several extracts from the Church Building Quarterly read by three of the best readers in our Sabbath-school; these were supplemented by a few remarks from the pastor. Our very efficient choir, under the leadership of D. A. McIntosh, Esq., (a merchant tailor of our town), rendered some excellent music. As a result, we nearly doubled our last year's subscription to the A. C. U.

SAN BERNARDINO.—A series of union meetings, held on Sabbath evenings and the five succeeding evenings of each week, together with a daily prayer meeting at 2 o'clock p. m., has continued for seven weeks. The pastors and members of the Baptist, Presbyterian, Congregational and Methodist churches, participating in them. As a result of the revival there were eight persons baptized and received into the Baptist church on April 6th, and not less than twenty have been hopelessly converted. Rev. D. D. Foster, of Oberlin, O., who has been expected by the Congregational church of San Bernardino, entered upon his duties April 6th. Mrs. J. Ellen Foster, of Iowa, lectured upon temperance to crowded houses in the new opera building on April 13th and 14th.

Other Denominations.

PRESBYTERIAN.—The congregation in the hall on Market St. (the Central church) fill all the available space. Interesting Easter services were held in Woodbridge.

METHODIST.—Ten probationers have been added to the list in Roseville. In Pleasant Grove, Sutter Co., twelve persons recently joined the church. Six persons were received on probation in 27th-St. on April 6th.

METHODIST SOUTH.—Three persons joined the church in Pleasant Grove recently. Chico Circuit is working to secure church prosperity. Merced District Conference meets in Merced this week.

BAPTIST.—Rev. W. H. Hayhurst supplied the church in Alameda, on a recent Sabbath. The large and beautiful edifice of the First church, Los Angeles, has been dedicated free of debt.

Hawaiian Islands.

Oahu College closed a very successful winter term, March 25th. President Merritt has managed financial and educational affairs excellently, and Mrs. Merritt is reported as having no superior, if any equal, in her special departments of instruction.

The first printing done on the west side of the Rocky Mountains was a small school-book in the Nez Perces language. It was executed on a press which, with the type and paper, cost about \$450, a donation to the Oregon mission from fifty female members of the native church at Honolulu, Sandwich Islands.

"The Infidel of the last lecture for the season last by Rev.amento. Start no one should into question original in either the lecturer which infidels showed that from ignorance word or pass lecture was such persons The General visited Senu Association in money with in the field and coming year. eminently su people of the c with great int in force to th new organiza dollars were cured, and to secure a charge of the is accomplished der the care of Secretary. Mr. McCoy W. T. was the The Associat doing a good but now feels the scope of the secretary in the remain in that money for the Portland, Or.

The parlors Christian Assoc street, in this ant appearance Women of all as one, to spe with God. T was read by M uses unfolded showed she di those present "rough places who were 'fail utterly fall." The questi promises God l "Only those by one of the a sweet hymn ladies from Dr the close of th and cake was I noticed w nevolent ladies sufficient for pi of some who h where the next There was a p harmony, and their hearts mo ies," more faith

The Seventen the California S ciation, will be gational Church and 8th. Each titled to two de delegate for exa ance in excess Blanks have for the statisti you have not them to the St F. Gibson, 916 Francisco, plea he may report is an assessme age attendance officers, teache benefit of the S remit the amo R. E. Cole, 10 land. All del at Oakland du will notify Dr way Street O to attend, at k meeting of the

Rev. Addi the *Advance* received a w City. For y under, not me ring rule. Ta and many ab zens' Associ frequently a municipal refo terested and h worth, a Repa a citizens' tie Democratic p can, the impo the general to preceding in the city was arou citizens' ticke day by a la be done in Je anywhere, heart because voted, but le and kindness fellow-voters, example and day and give

Living in flowers, it is following rep Atchison, from North heaviest snow there Friday on the Centr cific were bl points. Al ranges suffi pecially fare have lost fiv

Y. M. C. A.

"The Infidel's Bible" was the subject of the last lecture in the popular course for the season, given on Thursday evening last by Rev. A. J. Trosh, of Sacramento. Starting out with the claim that no one should call any Bible statement into question until able to read the original in either the Hebrew or Greek, the lecturer took up several passages which infidels were wont to criticize, and showed that their course usually arose from ignorance of the true meaning of the word or passage in the original. The lecture was full of good ideas for Christian workers who come into contact with such persons.

The General Secretary, Mr. McCoy, visited Stockton last week for the purpose of effecting the organization of an Association in that city, and also to raise money with which to place a secretary in the field and carry on the work for the coming year. In both respects he was eminently successful. The Christian people of the city entered into the work with great interest, and all classes rallied in force to the financial support of the new organization. Over two thousand dollars were raised, pleasant rooms secured, and an effort will be made at once to secure a competent secretary to take charge of the work. Until such a result is accomplished, the work will remain under the care of Dr. N. W. Lane, State Secretary.

Mr. McCoy also sailed for Seattle, W. T., this week, on a similar journey. The Association at that point has been doing a good work for the past two years, but now feels the importance of enlarging the scope of their influence, and putting a secretary in the field. Mr. McCoy will remain in that city a few days, raising money for that purpose, and will visit Portland, Or., on his way home.

Y. W. C. A.

The parlors of the Young Women's Christian Association building, 323 First street, in this city, presented a very pleasant appearance on last Friday afternoon. Women of all classes and ages gathered as one, to spend an hour in communion with God. The 40th chapter of Isaiah was read by Mrs. Browne, and its promises unfolded with a tender charity, which showed she did not forget that there were those present who were walking in "rough places" in the darkness—those who were "faint and weary and might utterly fall."

The question—Who can claim the promises God has given?—was answered, "Only those who obey his commands," by one of the Christian mothers. Several sweet hymns were sung by four young ladies from Dr. Mackenzie's church. At the close of the meeting, tea, sandwiches and cake were served.

I noticed with pleasure one of our benevolent ladies slipping pieces of silver, sufficient for present need, into the hands of some who had come in, not knowing where the next meal was to come from. There was a pervading spirit of love and harmony, and I think each took home in their hearts more trust in God's promises, more faith in his care. L. E.

The Seventeenth Annual Convention of the California State Sabbath School Association, will be held in the First Congregational Church, Oakland, May 6th, 7th, and 8th. Each Sunday School is entitled to two delegates and one additional delegate for each 50 of average attendance in excess of 100.

Blanks have been sent to the schools for the statistics of the year just past. If you have not filled out and returned them to the Statistical Secretary, Wm. F. Gibson, 916 Washington Street, San Francisco, please do so at once, so that he may report to the Convention. There is an assessment of 2 cents on the average attendance of each school (including officers, teachers and scholars) for the benefit of the State Association. Please remit the amount to the Treasurer, Dr. R. E. Cole, 1003 1/2 Broadway Street, Oakland. All delegates will be entertained at Oakland during the Convention if they will notify Dr. R. E. Cole, 1003 1/2 Broadway Street, Oakland, of their intention to attend, at least two weeks before the meeting of the Convention.

Rev. Addison P. Foster well says in the *Advance*: "Municipal Reform has received a wonderful uplift in Jersey City. For years this city has been under, not merely Democratic rule, but ring rule. Taxation has been inequitable and many abuses had crept in. A Citizens' Association was formed. It met frequently and discussed questions of municipal reform. The city became interested and hopeful. A man of sterling worth, a Republican, was nominated on a citizens' ticket, was supported by the Democratic press as well as the Republican, the importance of the election and the general tone of municipal reform was discussed in the pulpit on the Sabbath preceding the election, and the whole city was aroused as never before. The citizens' ticket was carried on election day by a large majority. If this could be done in Jersey City, it can be done anywhere. The best citizens often lose heart because they are numerically outvoted, but let them with courage, tact and kindness go to work to educate their fellow-voters, and in time their character, example and right teaching will win the day and give them the majority."

Living in the sunshine and amid the flowers, it is hard for us to realize the following report:

ATCHISON, KANS., April 21.—Reports from Northwestern Kansas say the heaviest snow-storm of the year prevailed there Friday and Saturday last. Trains on the Central Branch of the Union Pacific were blocked by drifts at several points. All report that stock on the ranges suffered severely. Sheep especially fared badly. One man is said to have lost five hundred head.

Bread-making and other Things.

I was moulding bread a few days ago, when a story came into my mind as it was told to me, and doubtless has been to dozens of other young cooks, in my apprentice days.

I had patiently moulded the bread, but then came weariness in well doing, and bread-pan and kneading-board bore far too large a crop of dough to satisfy an experienced house wife. The story was like this: A certain young man of fine property wished to marry, and was favorably impressed by three young ladies, whose parents resided in adjoining tenements at some distance from his house. Which lady, should be the recipient of his attentions was to depend upon which should prove to be the best housekeeper.

Accordingly, one day the young man called at these tenements upon business, and was invited to stop for dinner, and to have his horse fed; he consented, but remarked that his horse was hard to feed away from home, as he cared for no grain except the scrapings of a bread-tray.

Up went the head of number one in disdain, "Indeed, sir, your horse will go hungry, then. I'll have you know I am not so slovenly as to have any scrapings of my bread-tray." "I never have more than a great spoonful," said number two, hesitatingly; "I am afraid I cannot help you much." "Well, that is fortunate," says number three, all smiles, "I have just been mixing bread, and can let you have all the scrapings you want." Of course it was deft and neat number one who secured the prize, and the moral is obvious.

Despite my rather pert rejoinder that "No smart girl would want a young man who poked his nose into the bread-tray the first thing," I was more particular after that, for at ten years old no young miss wants to feel that any man could willingly refuse to look her way in the golden future. Since then I have wondered sometimes whether number three, with her ready good humor, would not have been a more comfortable companion than acid, wire-edged number one, and I am very sure that the golden medium of number two would have been my choice. I never waste any pity on the young man; he wanted a good worker, and he secured her.

Of late years, though, I have begun to wonder if he were not somewhat disappointed in his table arrangements. Once in awhile I make bread that leaves no scrapings on pan or kneading board, and I always notice that I have bread a long time after that baking; it was mixed too hard, and no after attention will make it into the soft, moist loaf, which disappears so fast.

Next baking, as I scrape the board, and wash the sticky remains of the loaf from my hands, I think I must have been sadly untidy to leave such a mess; but the bread is perfect, and I console myself with the reflection that spring wheat and soft bread will make a muss, and after all I am not to blame.

Still, I think the young man was hasty in applying but one test to his future housekeeper. Any woman knows that of a dozen exquisite housekeepers there will probably be not one who will not do something which each of the others will pronounce positively slovenly. I still remember the thrill of horror with which I saw an egg boiled in the tea-kettle for my luncheon, when I first commenced teaching, yet through the whole term I never saw another uncleanly habit of my landlady, and I had to acknowledge her a really fine housekeeper.

I boarded at another place where things were almost too prim; no person was quite tidy enough to suit that housekeeper. Over and over I listened to the declaration that "I never see clothes as white and soft as those I wash myself. I can never get anyone to wash dishes until they are smooth and shiny as my own—people are so careless about their wiping towels." I was forced to take this with fewer grains of allowance than I generally give self-praise, but one fine day I saw her dip the hand-basin into the barrel of soft water whence the dishwasher came, and thenceforward my appetite failed.

Neither of these women ever get so much dough on the sides of the bread-tray as I do; both have a much more brilliant reputation as workers. I know their wider experience makes them better house managers than I am; yet neither of them uniformly sets a better table, and neither more conscientiously discharges her duty as she sees it.

Upon the whole, I think now as I said at ten, "No sensible girl would want a man who puts his nose into the bread-tray the first thing." Such a man would want a servant rather than a companion, would be penurious, and I fear would be glibly besides. He never saw that bread-tray; how did he know it was smooth and clean? How did he know that all her housekeeping would compare with that? How did he know that she was pleasant and companionable? How did he know a thousand things he ought to have known?

He did not know them, nor deserve to be told, and I dare say wished that bread-tray in Jericho two-thirds of his after life.

BITTER-SWEET.

The steam schooner *Julia H. Ray* will be launched to-day from Channel Street, foot of Sixth. She is intended for the Northern Coast trade, and will be commanded by our Christian friend, Capt. J. S. Higgins. Long may she float, and long may Capt. Higgins sail this pioneer craft of her class.

The opening of the new route between Saucelito and San Rafael of the Northern Pacific Coast Railroad Company was inaugurated Saturday, and the first regular passenger train was dispatched over it in the afternoon.

For the week ending April 18th, the total number of deaths were 81. Males, 52; females, 29. Corresponding week last year, 91.

Food Reform.

Very much of the sickness and disease to which mankind seems heir is brought about by eating improper foods. Now, food serves as the connecting link between body and soul during our sojourn on earth—for if we refrain from eating, we die—therefore, how necessary is it that we take only those articles of diet that tend to keep these bodies and souls together harmoniously; in such a perfect state of health both physically, mentally, and morally, that life is a blessing and not a curse, and work a delightful rather than some irksome and dreaded task.

The food of the peoples of this earth may be divided into two classes—animal and vegetable.

At man's creation, God appointed him a vegetarian diet (Genesis i: 29). Had they not have had the diet most conducive to their well-being, both physically and spiritually, do you not think he would not have commanded our first parents to kill and eat the animals that were in the garden with them?

May not much of the sin and misery now in the world be traced to the fact that after the fall man changed his diet—was no longer satisfied with the fruits, nuts, etc., that hang so invitingly on the trees, decaying if so gathered; but must fill himself with flesh-meats, and, so instead of being that peaceful, gentle, loving and contented creature God intended, he becomes, in too many instances, cruel, hasty, vicious, coarse, sensual, thoroughly animalized; in fact, lower in the scale of civilization than many of the beasts of the field.

These are some of the demoralizing effects of living on flesh and other extravagances, generally, an accompaniment of it. Let us return to our primitive diet if we would escape such degradation, for what we eat has a far greater influence on our mental and spiritual faculties than is commonly supposed.

But animal food is nearly always more or less diseased. Of course, if we eat it, we become diseased, too. We can only escape such disease by ceasing to partake. Flesh is by no means necessary to sustain life, for the people who do the greatest amount of bodily labor the world over, never take it, or very sparingly. As an example of their robustness and good health, we might mention the Scotch and Irish peasantry, Greek boatmen, Moorish porters, Chilian miners, etc. That the greatest thinkers of any age, scientists and others, have been more or less vegetarians and very abstemious in their habits of eating and living, the following names will suffice: Plato, Plutarch, Newton, Swedenborg, Howard, Franklin, Lamarine, Cuvier, Linnaeus, Ray and Milton. Flesh is not a necessity, but rather a hindrance to mental growth and improvement. But the question of food reform has not only to do with eating flesh meats. Spices, condiments, rich pastry, fine white bread, tea, coffee, and all rich and stimulating foods are injurious, and by the vast amount of unnecessary labor devolved upon the digestive organs, by indulging in them the machinery of the digestion is impaired, health endangered, and life consequently shortened. Pure and simple food and drinks, such as wholemeal bread, oatmeal, fruits, nuts, vegetables, pulse, milk and water, are capable of building up far healthier minds and bodies for us than flesh, fish, fowl, pastries, highly seasoned dishes, whisky, wines, and spirits. Any who are interested in this question of food reform, and we all ought to be, would do well to read and study it up. We are hoping, soon, to start a vegetarian, or food reform society, in San Francisco, and any willing to join are kindly invited to send their addresses to Mrs. Tarrant Siddons, 2650 Folsom St.

But any wishing, at once, to commence investigating the subject, are kindly invited to send for the free packet of vegetarian literature to Mr. Bailey Walker, Secretary of the Vegetarian Society, 75 Princess St., Manchester, England. We might also make experiments, and know of a certainty which are the best foods for us; but let us avoid trying to force others to adopt the same, seeing we are all constituted differently. Yet we may be assured that a pure, simple and non-stimulating diet is better for all, of whatever clime, age, or occupation.

ATHENA.

In accordance with Mayor Henry's excellent order, the City Hall bell in Oakland now strikes the hour at 9 o'clock p. m., and is imitated by the bells on the various engine houses, and every boy fifteen years old or under found on the streets after 9 o'clock will be locked up, unless permitted abroad by parent or guardian. The revival of the "curfew ordinance" has been instituted by Mayor Henry, and the statute will be strictly enforced. "The city is interested to a certain extent in every boy living within its limits," says Mayor Henry, "and therefore the city must take cognizance, when necessary, of every boy's proneness publicly to form idle and vicious habits, and the aid of the law should be invoked, as far as possible, to compel every boy to eschew all practices that would result in making him a bad citizen."

The international boat race came off Saturday at the Long Bridge course, about twenty boats being entered, all of which belonged to British ships now in this harbor, excepting two, which belonged to American vessels. The race was won by a craft belonging to the British ship *Alex. Yeates*.

Man will not be forced to enjoy a happiness for which he has chosen to render himself incapable. In our life here begins our Paradise or our Inferno.—[Annie L. King.]

It is uncertain whether geologists contradict Moses, but it is certain beyond all doubt that geologists contradict one another.—[Dr. Parker.]

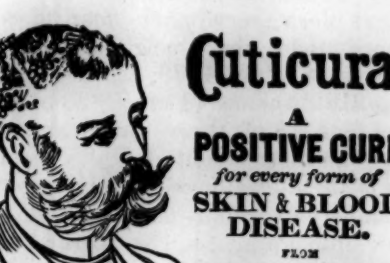


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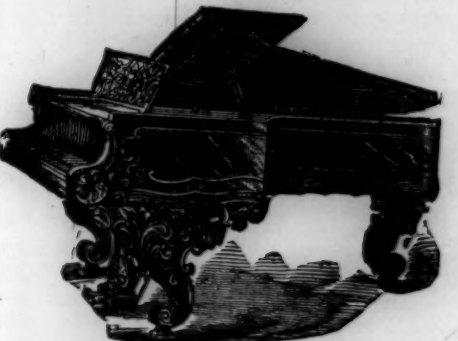
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Miscellany

Minding His Business

A group of loungers were standing on Charlestown bridge one Sunday afternoon many years ago. One of them was fishing, and the rest were telling stories, for most of them were sailors. Among the men who were continually crossing the bridge, few took any notice of the idle group, and they were wholly absorbed in their pleasure, when a stranger paused, and, lifting his hat, said courteously to the fisherman:

"Well, my friend, what do you expect to catch here, on the Lord's day?"

The man addressed, flushed angrily, and replied, "If I only had you for bait, I'd catch the devil."

"I trust you would treat him as his Master will at the last day," answered the stranger, and with a smile passed on. "Now that's what I call pretty rough," exclaimed one of the sailors, who seemed to be a stranger to the rest of the group. "I don't make no pretensions to goodness myself, but I wouldn't say anything so rough as that, now."

"It served him right," replied the other, sulkily. "It was none of his business what I was going to catch on the Lord's day."

"Begging your pardon, I think it was some of his business. Didn't you see that the stranger was a parson?"

"Well, what if he was?" the man replied. "What difference does that make, I'd like to know? I'd thank him to mind his own business."

"If you think a little, I guess you'll see that's just what he was doing. What is a parson's business, anyhow? I'm a rough, wicked man myself, but I had a good mother, and I know a bit about good folks. A parson's business, as I understand it, is to point out the right road to people, and when he sees them go wrong to set them right. That's what he gives his life to. That's his profession—his business—as much as going to sea is mine. When that one that's just gone along saw you fishing Sunday, he knew you was on a wrong road, and it was his business to tell you of it. He meant them words of his all in kindness, and it was pretty mean of you to tell him as how you'd catch the devil if you had him for bait."

"I don't know but you are right about it, Jack," said the man, frankly. "I never thought of the thing in that way before. To tell the truth, I'm sorry I spoke so rough, and if I could see the old fellow again, I'd tell him so. I had a good mother, too, and if I'd followed her teaching I wouldn't have been here fishing on Sunday." So saying, he threw his pole over his shoulder and strode away.

Perhaps it might have been about two years later, when a sailor who had arrived in port after a long foreign voyage found his way into the Seaman's Bethel in Boston. As he entered, he saw a man near the door distributing tracts.

"Hallo, Jack," he exclaimed, clapping his hand on the sailor's shoulder, "I'm glad to see you again. Here's some bait for you—but perhaps you don't need it now, do you?"

"Yes, I must confess that I need that sort of bait bad," replied the sailor, taking the tract offered him. "But I must say you have the better of me. You seem to know me, but I haven't the least idea of who you are."

"Don't you remember a chap that was fishing off Charlestown bridge one Sunday, some two years ago, and a parson came along and asked him what he expected to catch there on the Lord's day?"

"I remember that well," said the sailor.

"And don't you remember the chap told him, 'he'd catch the devil with him for bait,' and some one said that was pretty rough, for the parson was only minding his own business?"

"I mind all that, and are you the same chap?"

"I am that very one. Your words set me a-thinking, and I couldn't shake them off. Things my good old mother used to say kept coming back to me, and haunting me. Finally I came here one night to see if I couldn't find you again, and ask you what I had better do. Who should I meet as I came in but that very parson?"

"Look here," said I to him. "Aint you got some sort of bait that will catch me? I've been a mighty uneasy fish ever since Sunday, and I don't care what kind of a net takes me in now. I'm sorry I spoke so rough to you. I didn't know till afterwards that you was only minding your own business." With that I told him what you said. He drew me down into the side seat over there, saying, 'My friend, I believe you are the very one I have been looking for to-night.' And he began to tell me of him who left his home in heaven, and came to earth, that he might catch men with the bait of his great love. Well, to make a long story short, when he knelt down and prayed with me, I just let the great Fisher catch me, and I felt safe and rested. Ever since that night, I have stuck by this place pretty close, and I've been heaving out bait to the devil, in a very different sense from what I meant it that Sunday so long ago."

"But, Jack," he continued, after a pause. "It don't seem in nature that you should lure me into the net, and stay outside yourself. Why don't you swallow the bait, and let the great Fisher draw you in, too?"

"That's a question I have been asking myself all the time on my voyage," returned the sailor, with much feeling. "Indeed, I came here to-night partly in hopes of finding an answer to it. I had a rough time of it coming home, and one night when the wind was blowing a hurricane and the sea breaking over our bows as if it would swamp us the next minute, I promised the Lord that if we outrode the gale and came to land again,

I would take him for my Captain, and sail under his orders hereafter."

"When thou vowest a vow unto the Lord, defer not to pay it, for he hath no pleasure in fools. Pay that which thou hast vowed."

These words broke in upon the conversation of the men. It was the preacher of the evening, beginning the service. Jack started. It was the same one who had asked his companion that question about fishing on the Lord's day, two years before.

"Better that thou shouldst not vow," the preacher went on, "than that thou shouldst vow and not pay." Say rather my brother, I will go into thy house with burnt offerings. I will pay thee my vows which my lips have uttered, and my mouth hath spoken, when I was in trouble."

These words from the holy book of God were like nails fastened in a sure place to Jack, and when, after the service, his friend led him forward and introduced him to the preacher, he was glad to kneel with them both, and pay to the Lord the vow he had made in mid-ocean.

Thus were these two sons of praying mothers led to Christ by one who was simply "minding his own business," or rather, one who went "about his Father's business." Would that there were more such loyal sons!—[L. L. Phelps, in Watch-word.]

What You Should Do.

BY JOHN B. GOUGH.

I can not help thinking that if there was a little more individual work, a little more moral courage in the world to save man, the world would not be so much of a wreck as it is to-day. If you saw that a friend, a brother, was taking a wrong course, what would you do? Would you merely say: "Dear, dear, dear! how painful it is that so many men are going wrong. Just as sure as he continues that course he is a lost man; but he will go—dear, dear, dear!"—and when you hear the despairing cry coming up from the depth, add, "I told you so!" Now, what should you do? Should you not lay your hand on him and say: "My friend, you are going wrong?" What if he swears at you? Never mind; save him if you can. Many a man hasn't got so far from your sympathy but that one word kindly said in his ear, "My friend, you are going wrong," will check him. The difficulty is that we let men go so far from our sympathy that we can not reach them. Now, it is this individual work that I believe is to reform the world, and bring it back to God.

Politicians are usually quick to see the veering of the political breeze, and to shape their course accordingly. But, at this time, with so much to awaken them to a sense of the change that is taking place in public sentiment, they manifest a stupidity that is little short of amazing; and, ere long, they will find themselves left hopelessly in the rear by the rapid progress of events. This state of things, however, is not without its very marked exceptions. The exceptions are to be seen in the fact that three of the leading and most influential daily papers of the country, and at points where most needed, have ranged themselves on the side of the temperance sentiment so ripe among the people, and are doing gallant service in its behalf. We allude to the *Toledo Blade* (Nasby's paper), the *New York Tribune*, and, later, the *Inter-Ocean*, the great daily paper of the northwest. These papers are sending their broadsides into the rotten old pirate craft, the Liquor Power, and, with these to point the way, ere long we shall see others wheeling into line, glad to do yeoman's service in behalf of home, and country, and that nobler civilization, that but awaits the destruction of this dread power to manifest itself in a way that will astonish the natives, and lead them, in turn, to a higher and purer national life.—[Home Gazette.]

THE BELFRY OF BRUGES.—The great bell-tower compels one's attention; and ends by laying so firm a hold on the imagination that at no moment of day or night is one wholly unconscious of its solemn, protecting presence. By day and night its chimes float through the air like fairy bells, weird and soft, to warn the listener that time indeed is flying even in this drowsy city. It is the first object that catches the eye as the traveler approaches Bruges. It is the last he loses sight of, with a sigh as for a well-tried friend, when the train steams away again through the flat green country. It has watched for six hundred years over the varying fortunes of its city, and has gained that precious quality which, as Mr. Ruskin says, is the greatest glory of a building: "Its glory is in its age, and in that deep sense of voicefulness, of stern watching, of mysterious sympathy, nay, even of approval or condemnation, which we feel in walls that have been washed by the passing waves of humanity."—[Rose Kingsley, in the English Illustrated Magazine.]

God makes crosses of great variety; He makes some of iron and lead, that look as if they must crush; some of straw that seem so light, and yet are so less difficult to carry; some He makes of gold and precious stones, that dazzle the eye, and excite the envy of spectators, but in reality are as well able to crucify as those which are so much dreaded.—[Fenelon.]

Nothing is intolerable that is necessary. Now God hath bound thy trouble upon thee by His special providence, and with a design to try thee, and with purposes to reward and to crown thee. These cords thou canst not break, and therefore lie thou down gently, and suffer the hand of God to do what He please.—[Jeremy Taylor.]

HOMES FOR AMERICAN WORKINGMEN. America is so far much behind England in providing good dwellings for workingmen in such of her great cities as are old enough to have slums. New York, as a report to the Citizens' Association, made in 1864, testifies, shows "relatively a vastly larger population in crowded tenement-houses than any other great city." In December, 1864, a tenement-house census found 495,592 persons in 111,000 families living in 15,309 tenement-houses and cellars; in 1873, in 8,856 of the tenement-houses there died 14,109 persons, and in the hot weeks children under five died at the (annual) rate of 250 to 300 per 1,000 of the living of their age; in 1878, the Board of Health reported 9,846 out of the 18,582 tenement-houses in bad condition. The beginning of better things was made by Mr. Alfred T. White on the Brooklyn side of the river in 1876, and in some respects his experiments have been even more successful than any in London. The first "Home Buildings," with forty dwellings and five stores, on Hicks street, Brooklyn, five minutes' walk from South Ferry, were opened February, 1877, and were immediately filled. A second adjoining block, facing on Baltic street, without any stores, was opened October, 1877. Three "Tower Buildings," on the next block, very much finer in appearance than their neighbors, were opened in 1878 and 1879, the five aggregating 218 dwellings (1 of six, 25 of five, 147 of four, 43 of three rooms) and 15 stores, housing about 1,000 people. Each of these dwellings has living room and scullery as well as bed-rooms, it being a cardinal principle, as in the Waterloo buildings, that each family shall have every requisite within its own private domain. Each family has also a storage bin for coal, etc., in the basement. The floors are planned alike from bottom to top, which permits a considerable saving by the duplication of materials. The buildings are of plain red brick; slate stairways wind up a shaft-way, inclosed in a solid wall opening out-of-doors upon balconies, whence each tenant has a separate entrance, and they terminate on a flat gravelled roof for clothes-drying and for play. In the "Tower Buildings" these shaftways constitute the tower, by which means an element of beauty is introduced which the "Home Buildings" lack.

The cost of the first "Home Building" is given at about \$7,000 for the four lots of land, and \$30,000 for the building itself. The average price of dwellings throughout the building is \$1.93 per week for four, and \$1.48 for three-room dwellings, the lowest prices \$1.50 and \$1.30, these last being on the top floor, whence ten cents is added each floor downward. Each tenant is given an account card for the year, with the rules and space for his weekly payments. Off these prices there is a discount of ten cents per week to those who pay four weeks' rent at a time in advance, which one-fourth of the tenants have done regularly, and there is a second rebate of ten per cent. to tenants who, by remaining the full year, from 1st of May to 1st of May, save to the building the wear and tear of removals. The buildings have, nevertheless, earned a gross revenue of thirteen per cent., of which in round numbers two per cent. goes for taxes, two per cent. for repairs, one per cent. for expenses, while the net eight per cent. has been used—two per cent. for improvement and extension, and six per cent. for dividends. Here is a prospectus for wise capitalists.

Among the features of these buildings are a free reading-room and lending library, and free baths; the home sense of the tenants is also encouraged by permitting each to choose his own wall-paper within certain limits of cost. No rooms remain unlet. There is always a long list of applicants in advance for any vacancy. —[R. R. Bowker, in Harper's Magazine for April.]

Are you in trouble? Christ was also in pain?—he suffered; approaching death?—he set his face steadfastly to go to his doom. He suffered in all points as we. And what was the outcome of it all? He died; but he rose again! That was the end of all the darkness and sorrow and pain. You that are following Christ amid so much grief and weariness, remember that. Every step you take is one nearer to its final triumph, which shall be yours.

If there were no enemy, there could be no conflict; were there no trouble, there could be no faith; were there no fear, there could be no hope. Hope, faith, and love are weapons, and weapons imply foes and encounters; and relying on my weapons, I will glory in my sufferings.—[Dr. Newman.]

A recipe for getting rich: At the stock exchange—"Business is very bad, stocks are always falling, and yet you always seem to have money. How do you do it?" "It is very simple. I never pay any of my old debts." "And the new ones?" "I let them grow old!"—[From the French.]

As long as you are yourself earnestly aspiring after a full deliverance from all sin, and a renewal in the whole image of God, God will prosper you in your labor; especially if you constantly and strongly exhort all believers to expect full salvation now, by simple faith.—[John Wesley.]

De-educated fool is wus den de one what ain't edycated, for de edycated one spiles a good piece o' work, whar as de onedycated one doan often undertake a thing what he kain't do.

We shall be better able to instruct the Indian in religious matters when as a nation we show him practical religion in our dealings with him.—[Christian at Work.]

Say not then, I will recompense evil; but wait on the Lord, and he will save thee.—[Proverbs x: 22.]

If parents were really faithful to their children, there would be very few unconverted adults.—[Baxter.]

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"Faultless in His glory's presence!"
All the soul within me stirred,
All my heart reached up to heaven
At the wonder of that word.

"Able to present me faultless?"
Lord, forgive my doubt," I cried;
"Thou didst once to loving doubt, show
Hands and feet and riven side."

"O, for me build up some ladder
Bright with golden round on round,
That my hope this word may compass,
Reaching faith's high vantage-ground."

Praying thus, behold my ladder,
Reaching unto perfect day,
Grew from out a simple story
Dropped by some one in the way.

Once a queen—so ran the story—
Seeking far for something new,
Found it in a mill, where, strangely,
Naught but rags repaid her view.

Rags from out the very gutters;
Rags of every shape and hue;
While the squalid children, picking,
Seemed but rags from hair to shoe.

"What, then," rang her eager question,
"Can you do with things so vile?"
"Mold them into perfect whiteness!"
Said the master, with a smile.

"Whiteness?" quoth the queen, half doubt-
ing,
"But these reddest, crimson dyes—
Sarely naught can ever whiten
These to fitness in your eyes?"

"Yes," he said, "though these are colors
Hardest to remove of all,
Still, I have the power to make them
Like the snowflake in its fall."

Through my heart the words so simple
Throbbled with echo in and out;
"Crimson," "scarlet," "white as snowflake,"
Can this man? and can God not?

Now, upon a day thereafter
(Thus the tale went on at will),
To the queen there came a present,
From the master at the mill.

Fold on fold of fairest texture
Lay the paper, purest white;
On each sheet there gleamed the letters
Of her name in golden light.

"Precious lesson," wrote the master,
"Hath my mill thus given me,
Showing how our Christ can gather
Vilest hearts from land or sea;"

"In some heavenly alembic
Snowy-white from crimson bring,
Stamp his name on each, and bear them
To the palace of the King!"

O, that wondrous vision wrapped me!
Heaven's gates seemed open wide,
Even I stood clear and faultless,
Close beneath the pierced side.

Faultless in His glory's presence!
Faultless in that dazzling light,
Christ's own love, majestic, tender,
Made my crimson snowy-white!

—[Mrs. Herrick Johnson, in Electra.

The Nurse in the Sick Room.

A nurse should be very careful of her personal habits, bathe often, for her own refreshment and to keep her strength up, and wear fresh washable dresses, that neither rustle nor crackle with starch.

I have been so annoyed with well-meaning women who would take away my breath as they bent over me with odors of perspiration, and hair not kept with nicety, that seemed to smother the feeble strength left in me.

And the chattering nurse who persists in talking a weak patient light-headed—is there any visitation to be compared with her in horror!

Above all things learn to shun the art some people have of talking endlessly and saying nothing, mincing their subjects fine we may say. As I heard of a weakish personage of that sort go on, when she knew one was waiting hopelessly for rest and silence with a tired head, "I don't disturb you, but I just thought I'd ask you so as not to have it to say again—very many people don't like it so, but I can't know, of course, without asking you, and opinions vary so much you never can tell—now, don't you say one word and exert yourself as you ought not to indeed—but will you have the window-shade down?" Don't let your ideas flow through your tongue till it must tremble like the magnetic needle, and the senseless words utter themselves till the nervous patient nearly takes leave of sense and sanity together.

Learn how to talk in a sick room. Don't talk loud or fast, in the chatter which young women imagine is conversation, say little at a time, three or four sentences, not more, and then rest, and don't expect answers. It diverts a sick person and soothes him to hear two other people talking fresh gossip when he is not expected to join, rather than be talked to himself, only the chat should not be long.

O, it is with a long apprenticeship in sickness one's self one comes to know how light and sound and exertion affect an invalid, to learn what nervousness and weakness are, and how little things sometimes send the forces ebbing back to faintness and failure which had set hopelessly toward health and safety.

Don't fuss around a sick person whom even well-meant attentions worry. Even a bunch of flowers will sometimes "aggravate" one—in fact I think, from my own experience, a great deal too much is made of flowers and fancy attentions to sick people. I want a well-browned, tender mutton chop, sans fat, gristle or bone, on a clean, hot plate, without cracks or specks in the ware, a fresh napkin on the tray, and a thick, white towel to spread over the bedclothes to keep them from soil, some good bread, the best on earth is none too good for the sick, but no foolishness of flowers on the tray. Sick people don't want flowers and food together; the scent of the two doesn't combine well, and there may be insects on the leaves to get into the dishes. Bring the flowers in after the meal is all over, put them in sight in a vase, and say nothing about them till the patient's eye lights on them for himself.

Don't put your hand on a sick person, even in the way of kindness, unless you are very intimate—the too familiar, frequent stroking of one's head is very annoying. In case of headache, ask if it would be agreeable to soothe it with your hands, and see that they are both cool and clean before you touch anyone.

A warm, moist hand never ought to touch another person, sick or well. If your hands are apt to be moist, rub them with the fine soapstone powder used for gloves.—[The Next Neighbor, in April Wide Awake.

Early Dinners.

In England, during the early times, the food served upon the table with simply a gigantic forerunner of the taste of the English at present. They were always a race of meat-eaters. Wild boars and huge bullocks were roasted whole at their medieval feasts. An ancient ballad-singer asserted the invincibility of the Britons so long as they were "fed upon beef," and, according to present appearances, their invincibility will not be subverted for a long time to come, if beef is, in reality, the basis of England's strength. Some curious chronicles remain concerning the domestic habits of the English during the Middle Ages. The dinner hour, even among the highest ranks of society, was very early, rarely later than eleven o'clock. Of course, the supper was taken at an early hour also, before dusk if possible, as the means of well lighting the table were not very abundant, and early to bed was the general rule.

In dressing the table, the central and most ornamental dish was the salt-cellar, which was generally placed in the center. Salt was regarded with profoundly superstitious feelings. A code published during the fifteenth century for the behavior of servants directs that, in preparing the table for a meal, after laying the cloth, the salt should invariably be placed next upon the board, as this was supposed to insure success to the dinner and good digestion to the guests. Knives were seldom provided, as each guest was expected to bring his own in a sheath attached to the girdle. To produce a decent and well-cleaned knife was regarded as a mark of respect to the host, and a shabby and unclean blade was considered a direct insult to the character of the entertainer. An old code of politeness and table behavior gives as one of its rules that the guest should "bring no knives unskoured to the table."

The use of forks at table was unknown in England until a comparatively recent date. About the close of the sixteenth century they were introduced into France from Italy. A young monk took one to the convent of St. Maur, to the horror of his elder and more conservative brothers, who regarded it as a sinful vanity, in direct opposition to the divine providence which has created fingers to serve all such purposes. Spain, always behind the rest of the world in both political and social reforms, was the last country to adopt the fork as an article of table furniture.—[Christian Weekly.

The Light-House and the Missionary Box.

About twenty-two years ago a poor but pious widow, the keeper of a light-house on the Kentish coast, obtained a missionary box, and resolved to devote to the cause of Christ all the money that might be given to her before twelve o'clock every Monday. On the next Monday morning a gentleman visited the light-house, and seeing her in the attire of a widow, gave her a sovereign. The poor woman was perplexed, so large a sum would be of great service to her during her present pressing wants. The doctor's bill was unpaid, too. She asked the advice of friends: One advised one way, another the contrary. At last she resolved to ask God in prayer what she ought to do with the sovereign. She rose from her knees convinced that it belonged to the mission, and she at once put it into the box. God, who is a husband to the widow and a father to the fatherless, was not unmindful of her faithfulness.

In the course of the day a widow lady of high rank, with her daughter and several attendants, called to inspect the light-house. She made several inquiries of the poor widow, and before she left, put a piece of gold into her hand.

Two days afterwards one of the pages came with a letter from the lady, kindly stating that she felt much interested in the family, and begged their acceptance of £25 (£125 from herself, and £5 (£25) from her little daughter, who was also much concerned for their welfare.

Our young readers will be delighted to learn that this noble benefactress was the Duchess of Kent, whose "little daughter" (then the Princess Victoria) is now the beloved Queen of England.—[Selected.

Mothers, look out for the dime novels. No poison more insidious could be introduced into your homes. Keep the mind's health as carefully protected as you do the body's, and the State Reform School will not open its doors to close them for years upon one of your darlings.

A mother's boy in Montreal, only fourteen years old, was recently detected in a \$300 forgery. He and two companions were about starting for New York, and had thirty dime novels in their possession.

A boy in the Thaddeus Stevens' public school at Philadelphia, when reprimanded by his teacher on Wednesday, drew a revolver and threatened to shoot her. This led to a search of the pupils, when seven revolvers were captured from boys about ten years old. About one hundred a twenty dime novels were discovered to be the property of the youthful scapegraces.—[U. Signal.

Before we can really lift up other hands, our own must have been lifted by His good Spirit, and our own feeble knees must have been confirmed by much bowing at His footstool.—[F. R. Haver-gal.

When to do Shopping.

Every good shopper knows the best time for buying at low prices is when the height of the season is past, after New Year in winter, or in July and August. All classes of goods are then marked down in price to sell them off before the new goods come in for next season. Now you will find hosiery and underwear from one-third to one-half cheaper than the same qualities were before holidays, and now is the time to lay in a stock of woolen fabric, flannels, blankets, toweling and housekeeping goods. Before the spring fashions are out and the rush of dressmaking begins, all hands in the making-up department of large stores are busy on chemises, nightgowns and all sorts and sizes of underwear, and the counters are piled with drifts of white garments, pretty with tucks, ruffles and embroidery, at much less than you can get the material and have them made—yes—but not so cheap or neat as you can make them yourself. If the main point in your shopping is to make the most of a little money, and you have time at disposal, do not spend on ready-made clothing. The gown which looks so neat for one dollar, really takes but four yards of eight-cent cotton with five cents' worth of thread and buttons and two yards of cheap embroidery. You can make a better gown easily in half a day with the sewing machine for half the money. Ready-made things are a boon to overworked mothers and busy women who have not time to set a stitch for themselves, but they look with envy on the trim, refined garments which nice sewers make for themselves. You want to make your own ruffling and knit or embroider your own fine durable trimming if you are bent on ladylike economies. Buy all thick underwear in the between-season after the January stock-taking. The fine Scotch wool socks which were seventy-five cents in December, are marked down to fifty cents now, and there are bargains in good strong hose for girls and boys for a third less than you can get them next fall. It is good judgment where economy is an object to buy all your flannels for next winter before April, from underdressed to blanketed. Save a little ready money to buy when things are cheap if you want your purse to hold out through the year.—[Wide Awake.

There is small doubt but that almost everybody with an ache and a pain, everybody who feels strange in her legs and queer in her back, affects some favorite drug and panacea, takes excursions into the valley and shadow of pills as a short-cut to health, from which she emerges, if she does emerge, bolstered up for the nonce, and going about recommending her precious nostrum to all inquiring minds and sour stomachs; and this in the face of the fact that when we wish to say the bitterest thing against another, we call him a pill. Many who nourish themselves upon this fare, thinking to be able to abandon it at any convenient season after having built up a creditable constitution, discover, perhaps too late, that this valley is full of snares and pitfalls for the unwary. One dose demands another; the liver, which may be, "like a Greek verb, irregular to the verge of impropriety," becomes demoralized when regulated by a drug, and finally will do nothing without assistance. But most people seem to hug their chains; they discover a new medicine with all the elation and celebration becoming the birth of a new planet, and the failure of the last to effect a cure does not in the least intimidate them or diminish their hopefulness. It sometimes seems as if they would regret a perfect restoration to health, which would exclude them from the good offices of powder and pellet, and rob them of an occupation. They love to extol the virtues of their bitters and acids, and give them credit for picking them up; they love to compare notes with fellow-sufferers, like careful housewives exchanging recipes; their lives might be said to be divided into epochs, corresponding to the kind of medicine to which they have at different times committed themselves, as the bitters, the pill, the bismuth, the cod-liver oil periods. Who does not know those who have taken all these doses for the same affection, or rather because of their own affection for drugs, and have been benefited by each one, but who are yet looking for more medicines to swallow?—people who find a pleasure in recommending and administering them to others second only to taking them themselves; who dislike to dwell in the valley and shadow of pills and potions alone, and are always willing to share their draughts with friend or foe, although they are sensible of a medicated atmosphere while encamping in those lowlands, soothing to the nerves and invigorating to the imagination? But as a health resort this valley is growing more or less unfashionable every year, given over to the uncultivated and unscientific, while the "best families," the enlightened, are emigrating to the broad tableland of diet.—[Harper's Bazaar.

How TO CURE A COLD.—Upon the first indication that you have taken cold, stop eating until the cold is cured; drink freely of cold water, induce a free perspiration over the entire body, either by exercise, the Turkish, vapor, lamp, or hot-water bath, or wet-sheet pack, followed by a tepid spray or sponging; go to bed, cover up warm, and breathe all the pure air you can. Nine cases out of ten will yield to this treatment in less than twelve hours, and the tenth one will hardly continue twenty-four hours.

I do not revere any love of God that has never known any fear of God. Show me that kind of love of God which has not felt what the fear of God is, and I will show you not principle, but sentiment—not religion, but religiosity.—[Rev. Joseph Cook.

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The Pacific. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Sunday-school Lesson for May 4th. 1884. 1 Cor. xiii: 1-13.

BY REV. CHAS. A. SAVAGE.

Christian Love.

Golden Text:—"Love is the fulfilling of the law." (Rom. xiii: 10.)

LESSON SEED THOUGHTS.

1. The first thought of our lesson is the same as that considered last week: "Knowledge puffeth up. Charity edifieth." Words do not measure the soul, either in its attitude toward manward. Saying to a poor man, "depart in peace, be ye warned and filled," does not feed nor clothe him. Repeating the Apostles' creed in tones as melting as those of Chrysostom, does not commend one to God. Love is more than confession or verbal sympathy. Love seeks expression in words, but the tongue is a wily counterfeiter, and seeks to make a display of love where none exists. It is to be feared that some who read this Sunday-school lesson with the utmost complacency, if they could read the record which their own lives are making, would find written against their own names, "sounding brass," "a tinkling cymbal."

2. Here is a lesson for those who claim that culture is all a man needs in life. The inspired writer tells us that a man may have a comprehensive knowledge of the present and the past, he may be able to read the riddles of nature, peer into the sealed book of the future, and yet in the sight of God, be nothing. All earthly knowledge, all earthly mysteries, are but drops in the infinite ocean of God's thought. A man may have grasped the whole and yet not risen an inch towards God. No culture-proud Titan, by heaping up a mountain of earthly wisdom and climbing to the top of the stately pile, can get any nearer heaven by all his efforts. Says a recent writer of Goethe, who worshipped the divinity of culture—"Great and lustrous as an iceberg, floating deep and towering high, moving majestic with the strength and swell of the ocean, effulgent in the sunshine, he was a mountain of light, but also a mountain of ice. Plainly he never attained the true good. And this estimate of himself he himself pronounced when in his old age he said: 'I have ever been esteemed one of fortune's favorites, nor can I complain of the course my life has taken. Yet truly there has been nothing but toil and care, and now in my seventy-fifth year, I may say that I have never had four weeks of genuine pleasure.' The stone was ever to be rolled anew." This man of consummate culture, at the same time was supremely selfish. "The track of his life was strewn with crushed and cast-off loves, like orange-peels thrown away after he had sucked out all the sweetness."

Such a thing as the gospel idea of love, Goethe did not know. And in the estimate of the All-wise Judge, he was nothing. All this does not go to show that knowledge and culture are useless. Far from it. They may be stepping-stones to the highest good. As means to an end they are worthy and desirable, but as the end itself, they are to be classed among the treasures laid up where moth and rust corrupt.

3. There may be a faith without love, but it is a soulless thing—just as faith without works is dead. Such a faith might move mountains, perhaps, but it could never save the soul.

4. We do not need a more decisive declaration that a man cannot buy heaven than verse 3 gives us. Love alone proves that we have caught the spirit of the Son of God, in his divine sympathy for men.

5. There never was a finer exposition of what love is and does than that found in this chapter. Notice how all along it is a portrait, taken with photographic accuracy, of the Model Man. Who like him was long-suffering and kind? Who like him was meek and lowly of heart? Who like him was patient, charitable, sincere and truthful?

6. True brotherly love is not envious of others' good fortune, nor proud of its own. It is not covetous nor irritable. It manifests itself in that rare virtue of "thinking no evil." How few attain that ideal. We may refrain from unkind acts, from harsh words, but our thoughts we say are our own. Not so, says the Master. He lays his hand on our thoughts when he says "Judge not." The ideal is he who is least suspicious of others' motives, most charitable in his judgments, ever ready to make excuses, and to seek out the most charitable constructions to place on other men's words and deeds. There is no better test of character than the things that make us rejoice. He who delights in low company, profane wit, and the things that make for unrighteousness is certainly not preparing himself for the company of the holy and the pure. If more than anything else truth makes him rejoice, he is not much out of harmony with him who said "I am truth."

8. To bear with others' failings, endure all their thoughtless or unkind provocations, and still have confidence that there is good in them, and patiently wait until it is developed, is a pretty sure test of love. See how it manifests itself in the patient yearnings of a mother over her wayward boy. It may be a question whether the motherhood of God is not as significant as his fatherhood.

9. Love is a perennial fountain. From its deep hidden source in the heart it gushes out with a constant supply. "Love never faileth," whether it be love to God or man. Love is more than a passion, or a sentiment, or a feeling. It is a deep, abiding choice. From this idea on its godward side may spring the doctrine of the perseverance of the saints.

If a man really loves God to-day, with heart and soul and mind and strength, he will always love him.

10. By the illustrations of things seen from a childish standpoint, and by reflection in a mirror, we are shown how inadequate our knowledge is of spiritual things. It is all partial, imperfect. It may not of necessity be incorrect, but as we get an imperfect reflection in a mirror—as a child gets distorted ideas of things, so, doubtless, it is of us concerning things heavenly and divine. Our knowledge is only partial. The time is coming when that which is in part shall be done away—when we shall put away childish things, and see face to face. Then we shall see, perhaps, how our prophecies have failed—how our boasted knowledge was only a childish conceit. But love shall abide. The head may be wrong in its theories concerning God, but the heart which beats in unison with his cannot err.

11. To many a disciple since Philip, the Master has been constrained to say: "Have I been so long a time with you, and yet hast thou not known me? He that hath seen me, hath seen the Father." But we have known him, yet only in part. What a joy it will be, then, when we come to know even as we are known.

12. "Faith, hope, love"—these three. Faith is to be last in sight, by and bye. Hope is to be merged into fulfillment. So in a certain sense their functions will cease; but love will never end. As eternity advances, love will be but just begun. So while faith and hope are great, love is greater. While faith and hope now abide, love will abide forever.

MARRIED.

BELVIN-McMULLIN.—In this city, April 16th, by Rev. Dr. Scott, William Wayne Belvin and Rebecca Wentworth McMullin, of San Francisco.

IN THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for May, Richard Grant White contributes the first of two articles entitled "The Anatomizing of William Shakespeare." Henry James continues his French studies of travel. Dr. Geo. E. Ellis contributes a very interesting paper on Gov. Thomas Hutchinson, who was in authority in the Colony of Massachusetts Bay just before the Revolution. Henry Cabot Lodge writes of William H. Seward, and Miss Harriet W. Preston has an admirable essay on "Matthew Arnold as a Poet." Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

ST NICHOLAS FOR MAY is a notable number in its contributors and in their contributions. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps contributes an article with the suggestive title, "Supporting Herself," which should be read by every girl in the land. It is a clear, concise statement of the obligations of girls to support themselves, and of the ways of doing so. Charles G. Leland, in his paper on "Leather Work," in the "Work and Play Department," describes an employment that bids fair to be as popular as his article on "Brass Work" last June. It makes a fitting supplement to "Supporting Herself."

For the Benefit of the Pedestal Fund of the Bartholdi Statue of Liberty. Enlighten the World.

This colossal statue was given by the people of the French Republic to the people of the United States as a monument of ancient friendship, and an expression of the sympathy of France in the Centennial Anniversary of American Independence. It is 150 feet in height, cost \$250,000, to which cost more than 250,000 Frenchmen subscribed, and it is so far finished that it will be ready to be shipped to this country in the course of the coming summer.

There has been voluntarily contributed about \$100,000 towards the pedestal for the statue, which is to be placed on Bedloe's Island, at the entrance of New York harbor, and about \$150,000 is still required.

The foregoing is from the Report of the Executive Committee to the General Committee of the Fund, of which the Hon. Wm. M. Evarts is chairman.

With a view of aiding the object, another committee, under the supervision of the Hon. Rufus F. Andrews, has arranged for a new issue of art subjects, to be offered to the public generally, who will thus be able to secure a magnificent standard steel engraving, and at the same time have the satisfaction of contributing to the Pedestal Fund.

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These engravings will be from the original plates, and will be as fine as the first proofs, which were sold at \$100 each. They will be forwarded by mail, and their receipt guaranteed. The price for each will be \$5, which must be sent with the order. Persons wishing to subscribe are respectfully requested to do so as soon as possible.

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Due from Banks.....335,206.64

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FINANCIAL STATEMENT

JANUARY 1, 1884.

ASSETS,

\$4,541,239.82.

CASH CAPITAL, \$1,250,000.00. All Outstanding Claims, 295,982.07. Reserve for Re-Insurance, 1,661,661.84. Policy-Holders' Surplus, 2,583,595.91. SURPLUS OVER ALL, 1,333,595.91.

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